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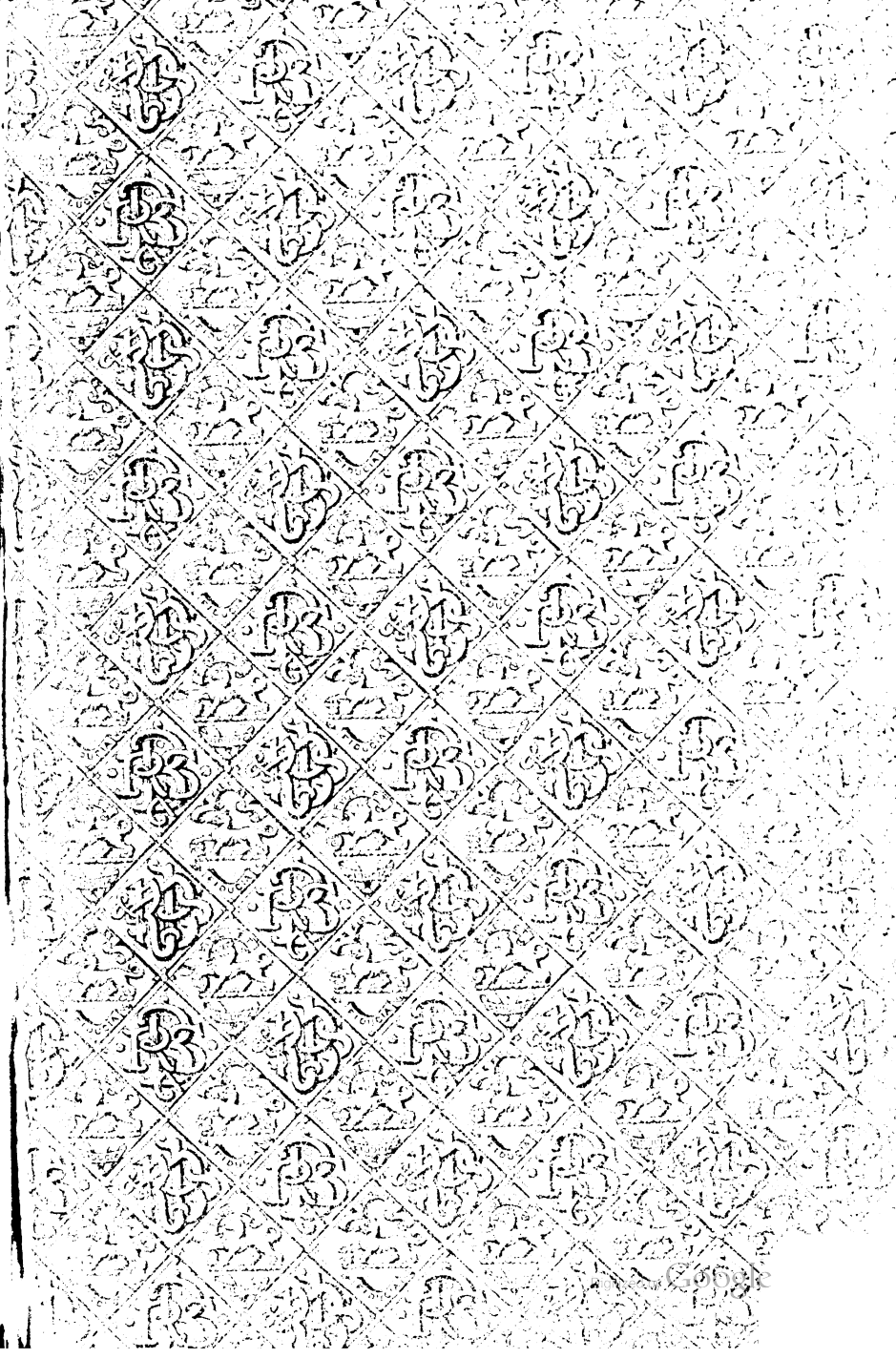
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THE LOST POSSESSIONS OF
ENGLAND

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ESSAYS IN IMPERIAL HISTORY

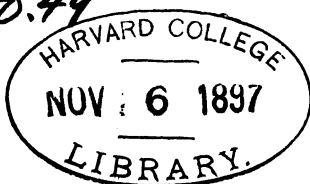
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PREFACE

IT is not pretended that this book is an exhaustive account of the Lost Possessions of England. Such an account might perhaps be written, but it could hardly be read. If, out of the scattered records of our other lost possessions, some meagre account were compiled, it would be interesting only to the descendants—lineal and regimental—of the gallant men who took part in them.

This view was strongly held by the late Sir John Seeley, who kindly revised these essays, and by whose advice these, and no more, are incorporated in this volume.

The following were the reasons given by the late Regius Professor of History for advising the author to restrict his work to the contents of this book :

Neither the events here recorded, nor the similar events which are only alluded to, have influenced to any considerable extent the course of history. Their importance to us lies in the lessons which they enforce, and these are as easily deducible from the occupations here treated of as from double their number ; it is a case where the half is greater than the whole :

These lessons are :

1. The advantage to a sea Power like Great Britain of an extended Empire—an advantage very bluntly pointed out to Sir William Draper in the secret instructions furnished to that officer prior to his departure for Manila.

2. The value in Imperial policy of the sound business principle of not throwing away rubbish—as illustrated by Tangier and the present situation in Morocco.

3. The necessity of listening to the advice of the man on the spot—by not doing which we lost Java.

4. The paramount importance of studying local climatic conditions—a neglect of which precaution cost us five thousand men in Cuba.

5. The folly of entrusting important expeditions (even against incompetent enemies) to untried leaders—a folly which cost us five thousand men and the province of Buenos Ayres.

6. The disastrous effects of a weak course of action in equivocal situations—as in the Ionian Islands.

The author's great obligations to the late Sir John Seeley have already been acknowledged; he is further indebted to Lord Leconfield for permission to examine the records in his possession, and to the editors of *Temple Bar* and the *Nineteenth Century* for permission to incorporate articles already published by them.

11, NEW SQUARE, LINCOLN'S INN,
December, 1895.

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THE LOST POSSESSIONS OF ENGLAND



CHAPTER I.

RETROSPECT.

It takes more than a malignant press and a few thousand miles of sea to separate two great peoples united by a common faith, a common ancestry, and a common language—by infinite ties of kinship and mutual hospitality and regard.

And so, when face to face with the task of sketching the history of the Lost Possessions of England, it is merely instinctive to omit the United States of America. It offends one's sense of propriety to speak of a nation once so intimate a part of our own polity as having ever been a 'possession';

our present affection and our hopes of the future alike forbid the word 'lost.'

Our real 'lost possessions'—genuine conquests and actual losses—include a number of strong places and rich provinces of which we may say with confidence, firstly, that they constitute such a Colonial Empire as any other nation but ourselves would consider nothing less than magnificent ; and, secondly, that, in comparison with the countries that still own our sway, they are almost inconsiderable.

They include, in the West Indies, Cuba ; in the East Indies, Java, Manila, the Celebes and the Moluccas ; in North Africa, Tangier ; in South America, Montevideo and Buenos Ayres ; and in Europe, Minorca, Corsica and the Ionian Islands.

To be exhaustive, the list of lost possessions ought to include the island of Heligoland. It ought also to include a number of places like Pondicherry and Curaçao, which are no longer, indeed, English, but which in case of war would be held by other nations on sufferance merely. It ought also

to include the Transvaal. But the destiny of the Transvaal is fairly obvious.

Neither Cabinets nor individual Ministers played a very distinguished part in this series of events. In the negotiations that preceded peace, our conquests in distant oceans appear to have been sources of embarrassment rather than strength. In so far as they were made any use of at all, they were employed as pawns in the European game; but even there they were employed feebly and ineffectually.

One Imperial statesman, however, was produced by England—William, first Earl of Chatham. In his Imperial ideas he was far in advance of his time; and it was his fate that, whether his policy was followed or reversed, the result was in either event disastrous to the Empire he loved so well. Where he succeeded in carrying out his policy—as in the expulsion of France and Spain from North America—his great enterprise, being misunderstood by his contemporaries, merely facilitated, if it did not actually bring about, the separation of the American

Colonies. Where his policy was thwarted, as in the peace that followed the Seven Years' War, our losses included the hard-won prize of Cuba and the splendid possession of the Philippines. He was a great figure in the unimaginative eighteenth century; but he passed meteor-like through the political heavens, and left nothing behind him but gloom and disaster.

The Earl of Beaconsfield's work was lasting. He, first of English statesmen, revealed to the nation as a whole its Imperial prospects and duties. Perhaps we are still too near his time to judge of his influence with perfect accuracy. But the assumption by the Queen of the title of Empress of India was an act of deep significance and political value, and is of itself a sufficient foundation for the character of an Imperial statesman.

The expansion of England into an Empire was a national movement; and it is worth noting that the Empire has never yet sustained a serious loss except as the direct result of Ministerial action. Cuba and Manila were surrendered with singular

levity, and Java was literally given away for the asking. Scanty information and a vacillating policy will, perhaps, account for the fact that, in respect of her conquests in far-off seas, England, although advantageously placed for negotiation, habitually concluded treaties disadvantageous to herself.

But she has no similar ground for self-reproach in the series of occupations which have marked her advance along the Mediterranean towards the East. Here she had full information and pursued a definite object. She has occupied place after place, always with the view of securing herself in Mediterranean waters so as to protect her trade. This trade was at first with Turkey, later with India. As a rule, England has only abandoned one place in order to occupy another stronger and more valuable. If she does not now hold the places best suited to her ends, it is not for lack of experimenting. In the two hundred and forty years that have passed since Cromwell founded our Colonial Empire, England has garrisoned, in succes-

sion, Tangier, Gibraltar, Minorca, Sardinia, Corsica, Elba, Sicily, Malta, the Ionian Islands, Cyprus and Alexandria.

It is not for a civilian to express an opinion as to the strategic importance of these positions ; but Tangier was unquestionably the most valuable commercially, whether for itself or as the gate to Morocco. It was our misfortune to occupy it in days when we had not yet learnt the art of dealing with barbarians, and we abandoned it without seeing what we were giving up.

Elba, Sardinia, Sicily and the Ionian Islands were never formally added to the British Empire. Elba was only held for a time during our tenure of Corsica, and Sardinia was only occupied by us as the ally of Spain in the War of the Spanish Succession.* A much more important incident (although it was not exactly an 'occupation') was the virtual administration of the kingdom of Sicily by Lord William Bentinck from 1811 to 1814, while he was British Envoy Extra-

* During our occupation we flew the Spanish flag, not the British.

ordinary and Commander-in-Chief of our forces there.

The history of our occupation of the Ionian Islands is the history of a deed of which no other nation but England could have been capable, and which it is devoutly to be hoped England will never repeat. At the Great Peace the Ionian Islands were the subject of much heart-searching on the part of the Great Powers. They had been, for twenty years previously, the shuttlecock of the traditional ambitions of France, Russia, Turkey, and Austria. When the Napoleonic wars came to an end the islands were in the hands of England, and for several centuries previously they had been subject to the Republic of Venice. To the latter State they could not be restored, for it had disappeared ; and the Great Powers shrank from uniting them with the mainland, to which they belonged geographically, because the population was strongly Christian in sentiment, while the mainland was at that time, of course, Turkish. In this dilemma it was resolved to erect them into a separate State, nominally

independent ; but their independence was to be protected by Great Britain.

This arrangement proved to be a satisfactory solution of the question so far as the Powers were concerned, but it placed England in a very unfortunate position. She was to garrison the place, administer it, protect it in war, and train the inhabitants in the principles of self-government. The last-named work was one for which England was supposed to be particularly fitted, inasmuch as her free institutions were the only survivals of European liberty. The training up of the Greeks in the way they should go was a great ambition. It is hardly possible to conceive a nobler pretension, or one more entirely calculated to stimulate the Continental belief in British cant.

To occupy a place until compelled to leave by force of arms is a process well understood of the nations. But to occupy a place for fifty years, and in the end to retire for no other reason than that the place has learnt its lesson, and can now get on without protection, may be—in fact is—a very noble

action ; but it is not so understood of the nations. Our occupation of the Ionian Islands was set down to an ambition too timid to annex them, and our relinquishment of the islands was set down to sheer cowardice. Whether they were a loss to us from a military point of view is another matter, but the lesson to be drawn from our occupation would seem to be that it is unwise to go where we do not mean to stay.

Unlike the rest of our lost possessions, the Mediterranean group has a connected history. In watching the footsteps of our race from Tangier to Gibraltar, from Gibraltar to Minorca, Sardinia, Corsica, and Elba, from this group of relinquished strongholds to Sicily and Malta, and from Malta to Corfu, and finally to Cyprus and Alexandria, we feel, at first dimly, and then with ever-increasing force, the attraction of England to the East. It was the great magnet of India that drew us along the perilous waterway, where our path was watched with jealous eyes, and where our progress roused at every step suspicion and hostility. No

single one of these steps could have been foretold — least of all the latest of them. Some of us recognize in this connected series of apparently fortuitous events the hand of a nation's destiny. Others are only eager to see us retrace our steps.

The question has two aspects : one military, the other sentimental ; but from both points of view the arguments in favour of retiring from the Mediterranean are the same. They are, briefly, that we have in the Cape route a communication with India entirely under our control, and that it is, therefore, impolitic to incur so much friction as is involved in maintaining the Mediterranean route. This contention is supported by the plausible suggestion that by 'corking up' the Mediterranean and the Red Sea we protect ourselves much more effectually than by rivalling France in waters that are more properly hers than ours.

This last suggestion (which tacitly admits that the whole question is only a form of the ancient rivalry of France and England) is properly a service matter. But two or three

comments may be offered by a civilian. The first is that in these days you can hardly, without gross hyperbole, talk of 'corking up' a mighty sheet of water like the Mediterranean. Two exits, both of them very threatening to us, present themselves immediately. One is by canal to the Bay of Biscay, and the other is by railway from Scanderún to the Persian Gulf. A side-reflection is that by withdrawing from the Mediterranean we leave Italy to be hammered to pieces by any Mediterranean Powers that have a mind to crush her.

But vast schemes of this kind are not properly approached without the wider view of the question that history supplies to us. The Mediterranean route to India and the East presents itself to most of us as a question of yesterday, having no claims to our attention except such as derive their force from vague conceptions of trade interests, coloured with still vaguer notions of 'Imperialism.'

But so far from being an affair of yesterday, the Mediterranean route is one of the oldest, perhaps the oldest of the existing external

relations of England. It was begun when Aurangzib had been only three years on the throne of Delhi, and when the Stuarts still reigned in England. It has grown under all changes of dynasty and Ministries. It did not sink into insignificance when we acquired the route round the Cape; on the contrary, it grew in actual and potential importance. It is the most definitely marked expression of the qualities of our race, and is in the truest sense a matter of national concern. For nigh on two hundred and fifty years the Mediterranean route has been taking its present shape, and the consciousness of the meaning of the last few centuries of English history that has sprung up since the publication of the 'Expansion of England' forbids us to treat lightly the results of so much national effort.

At the eastern end of the Mediterranean on the historic stage of Egypt, and in the sight of all the nations, French and English have in turn shown the world how they deal with the East.

France orientalizes herself. The natural

bent of her genius is dramatic, and she is accustomed to a strong and highly-centralized administration. So far she is in instinctive sympathy with Orientals, and has a great advantage over Englishmen. Unhappily, however, she has usually assimilated a third principle of Oriental government, which is best described as the opposite of the principle that governments exist for the benefit of the governed. In the state of chaos which was the normal condition of Asia before the interference of Europe, the action of the last-named principle was periodically corrected by the violent redistribution of accumulated hoards. But the long-continued pressure of a selfish central authority, which is also an alien authority, exhausts a country in a way that much worse Governments do not. These are some of the reasons that may account for the moderate degree of success attained by France in her imperial enterprises.

It is open to contention that French methods of government are superior to our own. But if we look at results, it is surprising to see how seriously the good effects of these

methods are discounted by the spirit that informs them. No better example of this contrast could be found than the recent history of Egypt. There was once a keen rivalry between France and England for the domination of the East, and the final triumph of England has usually been set down to superior prowess in arms. But even if we had never entered the field against our neighbours, the history of India in French hands would probably have anticipated the recent history of Egypt.

These considerations are not beside our subject. There are some among us whose opinions carry weight, and who, at the threshold of all Imperial questions, are continually asking 'What business have we there?' and 'What good do we do?' There is no answer possible that would satisfy an Englishman who would ask the first question. But to the second question the answer is: 'Egypt!' To repress slavery, to reduce taxes, to increase the general comfort, to purify the administration of justice, to substitute peace for civil war, to establish religious tolerance:

if these things are not good work, there is no meaning in words.'

* * * * *

In the West Indies France was before us. Before the opening of the long struggle between France and England in the eighteenth century, France had a considerable Colonial Empire there. At the Great Peace all her possessions had been stricken from her grasp but two—Martinique and Guadaloupe. These important islands were regularly captured whenever war broke out between France and England, and as regularly restored at the peace.

Martinique was the subject of three, and Guadaloupe of five separate conquests and renditions. On one of these occasions England handed over the latter island to Sweden, Guadaloupe and one million sterling being the price paid for her alliance ; a course of action which would have been quite impossible to a Cabinet holding definite views of Colonial policy.

In the West Indian Group we must also note Curaçao, which was captured from the

French in the year 1800, restored to Holland 1802, recaptured from the French 1807, and restored to Holland 1814. In the East Indies we conquered and restored the Moluccas and the Celebes in the same fitful manner.

Of all our former West Indian possessions Cuba is the island the loss of which is to be most bitterly lamented. With even decent administration it should be a veritable mine of wealth. The history of the island since its rendition to Spain is only another illustration of the fact that no nation gets on so well with peoples of alien blood as the English.

In the East Indies we have now so far outstripped our rivals that the scanty possessions still held by them may, without exaggeration, be said to be held upon sufferance only. They include the once dreaded port of Pondicherry and Chandernagar. It is obvious that these mere dots in the ocean of British possessions are of no danger to us, and the history of their capture and restoration loses its interest when we reflect how intrinsically unimportant both places have become.

We can reflect without bitterness that Pondicherry and Chandernagar were once English, and have now passed away from us ; but what shall we say of Java and the Philippines, the Moluccas and the Celebes ?

Java, a most wealthy and important island, forming a link 700 miles long in the chain of islands that stretches from Australia to Further India, was conquered from the French in 1811, magnificently administered by Sir Stamford Raffles for five years, and then idly handed over to Holland at the Treaty of Vienna by a statesman who did not even know where Java was.

There is no point of view from which this incident is not deplorable. Humanitarian grounds usually come first with English people. On these grounds there was a very strong case for the retention of the island ; whatever the Dutch may be now, they were very cruel masters a century ago. Probably no single man ever so increased the sum of human happiness in the short space of five years as Sir Stamford Raffles.

On a question of conquest there are not,

as a rule, two views possible. We won, but only after such hard fighting as ought to have made the conquest very precious. The French had held Java for five years. They had spent a great deal of care and money on fortifying the island, and they were well led and well provided.

As to the indirect results of holding Java, we have but to look at the map of the Malay Archipelago to see how important they were. Had we kept our conquest, it is more than probable that, even if we relinquished the Moluccas and the Celebes, the islands lying between Java and Australia would have fallen under our influence in the course of the next eighty years. The New Guinea policy of ten years ago must have been materially different; and the crown is put to the record of our blunders in the Pacific when we remember that the rich group of the Philippines was ours by conquest in 1762, and was as lightly given away as Cuba or Java.

France, Holland, and Hanover have at different times been subject to the Crown of England.

The great distinction between these incidents and the acquisition and loss, for example, of Cuba or Minorca is, of course, that the latter places were swept into our net by the expansive force of the whole nation, whereas France, Holland, and Hanover were only added to our dominions by razzias, or dynastic accidents. The latter were essentially artificial expansions, the former as essentially natural.

In the conquest of France we may, in a humorous sort of way, take pride. We may look back on Crecy, Poitiers and Agincourt, as a grown man may look back on his school-boy fights. But then we must also recall Hastings. If England conquered France five hundred years ago, and crowned Henry V. King of France, we must not forget that a little earlier France conquered England and crowned William of Normandy King of England. The long struggle was an exploit of our lusty youth which both nations may remember with interest, and without rancour ; but, after all, it has not much relation to modern life. It ought not to influence our

relations with France more than the fights of Boadicea with the Romans influence our relations with King Umberto.

William III. ruled Holland and England for fourteen years, and the Crowns of Hanover and England were united from 1714 till 1837 ; but these were dynastic accidents. Holland, Hanover, and France are in no sober meaning of the word Lost Possessions of England.

This rapid survey will show what foundation there is for the statement that the mere leavings of England represent a strong and wealthy Colonial Empire. Our lost possessions include valuable islands in the West Indies, a province in South America, another in South Africa, a strong place in North Africa, and a long chain of wealthy possessions in the Pacific. They also include a number of positions intrinsically of small value, but useful as posts on the road to India, which we have from time to time occupied with the object of guarding that road. As we have experimented on no fewer than eleven of these, it may be fairly pre-

sumed that we now hold those that suit us best.

And yet, numerous and rich though our lost provinces be, we may with no more than justice say that what we have given up is inconsiderable in comparison with what we still hold. The reflection suggested by this conclusion is that no such realm could possibly have been carved out except by the force of a whole nation. And such we know from history to have been the case: the British Empire was built up (and often built up unconsciously) by the whole force of Britain. It represents an investment of capital and labour carried on by the entire nation for two hundred and fifty years. As the chief result of this movement there is not a subject of the Queen who is not immediately interested in its maintenance. Built up by national force, it will only be conserved by the same means. The Empires of Napoleon and Alexander crumbled to pieces at the disappearance of those great men: that of Victoria can only decay with the decay of her peoples.

And yet the word has a sinister ring in history. The shouts of victorious legions, the thunder and the trampling of innumerable squadrons, the acclamations of the victor, the groans of the vanquished ; on the monarch's side magnificence, on the people's side misery, splendour founded on plunder, and (as its complement) poverty hardly to be endured — these are the dark associations that cling to the name of ' Empire ' from the days of Nebuchadnezzar to the days of Napoleon.

But the Empire of Victoria has as few of these attributes, and in as small a degree as is consistent with any exercise of authority in this world. It is strong, but it is not magnificent. It does not appeal to the eye at all, and but very little to the imagination. We are jealous of military renown, and reward it grudgingly ; the military career is not the first career in the State—far from it. Neither, on the other hand, is there any glamour or mystery about our civil administration. The very salaries of public functionaries are published to all the world. They are not

splendid : and they decrease in relative value every day. The reigning family derives absolutely no profit whatever from these extensions of its domains. The whole mighty extent of territory is governed first and last simply and solely in the interest of its inhabitants. The stubborn and quarrelsome spirit of our race—ever jealous of its rulers—demands that our administration shall be careful, and even miserly ; insists that its methods be open and orderly—or (as some might say) bare and mean.

There are elements both of strength and weakness in this situation. On the one hand there is no example in history of nations rebelling against a decorous Government because it was merely decorous ; they may sneer, but they will not rebel. On the other hand, we have so neglected the outward and visible symbols of authority, we make (to use a simple expression) so little fuss about them, that many of us have only just awakened to the fact that we have an Empire at all. This would not matter if the extensions of the Queen's dominions had been mere razzias.

A province lost or gained would mean that a soldier had made or lost a fortune, and that is all ; neither event would concern the mass of our citizens in the smallest degree. But the policy hitherto pursued by our rulers has bound up the fortunes of the humblest labourer in England with the fate of the remotest field in Assam and Manitoba.

CHAPTER II.

TRANSITION PERIOD.—DUNKIRK.

PROBABLY George III. did not take himself very seriously as King of France, although the conquest of Corsica revived English domination in France in a very unexpected way ; as King of that island his writ ran fitfully for about three years. But after 1801 the Lilies were no longer quartered with the Leopards in the arms of England, and this heraldic change implied the definite renunciation of a claim which had been tacitly maintained, in spite of its patent absurdity, for three hundred and fifty years. We may say that, from the year 1450 onwards, it became yearly more plain that English rule in France was over for ever. For about a century before that date, however, there was

no great exaggeration in the title 'King of England and France.'

For about a century after 1450 we maintained a precarious dominion in Calais, and a strip of country around the port about one hundred and twenty square miles in extent, which was called the Pale. The history of that occupation is the province of the antiquary. But the different ways in which men spoke of Calais when we finally lost it are instructive to the student of Imperial history. To the men of the new time—the minority—the loss of Calais was a business inconvenience. To others, who looked on it as the gate of France, it was a national misfortune and disgrace. The former looked on Calais as we look on a coaling-station; to the latter it was as much a part of England as the Isle of Wight. Probably every man who thought about the question at all felt vaguely uneasy at the reflection that we no longer held a port on the other side of the Channel; and the demand for the cession of a French port was from time to time renewed throughout the transition period in diplomatic negotiations

between France and England. The narrative of our occupation of, and dealings with, Dunkirk, from its illustrious opening in 1658 to its sordid conclusion in 1744, forms an obscure chapter in the history of this period.

We owe the revival of English domination in France to Oliver Cromwell. But it would probably not have persisted so long had it not been for the perhaps pardonable confusion of mind induced by the great deeds of Marlborough in the Low Countries and Germany, and by the large accession of territory on the Continent of Europe that followed on the dynastic accident of the union of the Crowns of Hanover and England.

One of the last of the Protector's deeds was to lend the French King six thousand men to assist him against the Spaniards in the Low Countries. On June 25, 1658, just one hundred years after the loss of Calais, the keys of Dunkirk were handed over to the English Ambassador; the Ironsides occupied the citadel that the French had reduced with their assistance, and England

had once more the questionable advantage of a port on the other side of the Channel.

The acquisition of Dunkirk came midway between the seizure of Jamaica in 1655 and the occupation of Tangier in 1661. Jamaica was destined to be the nucleus of our West Indian dominions, and Tangier was our first stepping-stone along the Mediterranean towards the East. Thus, in East and West at once the new era for England was beginning, and yet Cromwell still dreamed of a British Empire nearer home.

That this superstition should have dominated the mind of Mary is not, perhaps, to be wondered at. But Cromwell lived a century later, and yet shared in her delusion. One hundred years after the loss of Calais, the idea that England owed it to herself to acquire territory on the mainland of Europe was still only imperfectly eradicated from the popular mind. But Cromwell is the less to be pardoned for sharing the popular delusion in that he had clearly shown, by his action in the West Indies, that he knew where best to strike at the foes of his country. In spite,

however, of his naval successes, he was preparing to realize the old dream of a Continental dominion for England based on military force, and with fifty thousand of the best troops in Europe at his command, it is more than likely that if death had not intervened he would have succeeded.

Dunkirk lay conveniently for us in some ways. It was a commodious and well-built town, although (as we were afterwards to discover) it was unhealthy. In situation it was very like Deal. There was no natural harbour; but there were roads protected by the Brake Bank, just as the Downs are protected by the Goodwins. The holding-ground was not so good as in the Downs, and one could hardly get more than seven fathoms anywhere inside the Brake Bank, while near the shore the bottom shelved dangerously; but, on the whole, it was a convenient anchorage enough for shipping of that period. An artificial basin had been constructed inland, and a long canal cut from the sea inshore to communicate with it. In this way ships bound for the West Indies

(which did a considerable trade with Dunkirk) could take part of their cargo on board in safety ; the rest of the lading had to be completed while the ships lay at anchor outside. It was no long sail from England—about ten hours with a fair wind. At the present day the light of Dunkirk can be just seen from Walmer Beach on a clear night. The distance is forty or fifty miles. The mail-boats plied between Dover and Dunkirk, and from Windsor it was about three days' post.

It will be seen that Dunkirk was not naturally a very strong or a very convenient port, and perhaps no small part of our self-gratulation on possessing it was due to the loss sustained by our revenue through the busy smuggling trade carried on from the little ports and harbours along the coast on either side of Dunkirk. It was hoped that from our newly acquired centre we might be able to check this, and the advantage to the revenue would have been considerable ; for at the beginning of the eighteenth century as many as five hundred vessels were engaged in the illicit trade, and mainly subsisted on it.

Scarcely three months after the cession the Protector died. The Governor appointed to be the head of our garrison over seas was Lockhart, variously called Lord Lockhart, Sir William Lockhart, and Colonel Lockhart, our Ambassador in Paris. In the confusion that followed the death of Cromwell, it was hoped that Dunkirk might be acquired for the French Crown. Twice already had the town been a French possession : in 1558, when it was restored to Spain by the Treaty of Cateau Cambresis in the following year ; and in 1646, when it was held for six years before its restoration to the Spaniards in 1652. It was now rumoured that Lockhart was being approached with a view to surrendering the town, and the price of his treachery—a Marshal's baton and twenty thousand pounds—was even bruited about. The price was handsome, although nothing like the terms that Charles II. afterwards obtained. Probably Lockhart did not consider the terms at all ; but he was recalled from his government, and succeeded by Colonel Harley.

Lockhart was an eminent man in his day—upright and sagacious, a good soldier and a good diplomatist, an excellent type of public servant, and no bigot. He could not prevent his soldiers from drinking King Charles's health, and he did not attempt to do so, for he had no violent opinions of his own on the question of Royalty or the Republic. The question could hardly be said to divide Dunkirk as, in a measure, it divided England, for there was no doubt whatever that the garrison favoured the Restoration. Still, when applied to for permission for the King to enter the city, Lockhart replied that such a course was out of the question, considering the terms on which he held his commission. The demand was not pressed, perhaps hardly could have been, and his refusal was not remembered against him with acrimony. But, as may be well imagined, it was thought that the Governor of Dunkirk ought not to be a man who had refused admission to his Sovereign, so, two months after the King's return, Colonel Edward Harley was appointed to Lockhart's place.

Harley was one of the *ralliés* to the Monarchy, and among the most respectable of them in the best sense of the word. He was loyal to the King, as he had been loyal to the Republic—upon conviction, and not from fanaticism; but he had strong opinions of his own, as he had shown before and was soon to show again, and in the most unmistakable manner.

As every student of elementary English history is taught, an early act of Charles on ascending the throne was to sell Dunkirk to the French for five million livres. The current estimate of the King's character is largely based on this transaction, and there is no doubt that at the time it was thought to be most lamentable. The City merchants were much irritated at being deprived of this additional protection to trade, for they had begun to count on it. The army could not be expected to be pleased, and our Ambassadors looked very grave. They sadly complained that it was one thing to represent the man who had wrung Dunkirk from the French, and quite another thing to represent

the man who had sold it back again. The common people were very angry ; and later on, as disasters accumulated, they chalked up on the Chancellor's palace :

‘ Three things to be seen :
Tangier, Dunkirk, and a barren Queen.’

Clarendon had the smallest possible share in any of these misfortunes, if misfortunes they were. As regards Dunkirk, Charles, if he took advice, was much better qualified to give it. To understand what we should now call the ‘ Dunkirk question,’ an intimate knowledge of the politics of three kingdoms was required, and the King was the only man in England who possessed that knowledge. He knew his own country as none else could possibly know it. He had traversed it in Royal state, at the head of armies, and alone, as a beggar and a hunted fugitive. He had passed many years of exile in the Low Countries, and he thoroughly understood the growing power of Louis XIV. He had had fifteen years’ training in the dire school of adversity, and whatever else he

was, he was not unteachable like his brother ; he could learn a lesson and remember it.

Our situation in Dunkirk was simply (as a contemporary pamphleteer put it), ‘we lie here, as a Mouse between the *cat's* Paws.’ Charles was probably the only man in England who would have agreed with the pamphleteer, or could have even understood what he meant. And if we do not bless King Charles’s memory for other reasons, we may at least be thankful to him for ridding us so promptly and so advantageously of Dunkirk.

A trifling difficulty presented itself at the outset, in the flat refusal of the Governor to have anything to do with so degrading a performance as the surrender. But Harley was honourably retired, and a new Governor—Lord Rutherford—was appointed for the express purpose of handing over the fortress to Louis.

Rutherford had won his spurs in the French army, where he had attained high rank. He was as devoid of fear as Prince Rupert ; he was also as devoid of other useful qualities.

It was now understood that he was to receive two steps in the peerage as a reward for carrying out the surrender ; and he made his way to Dunkirk, having as one of his subordinates Major Henry Norwood. Both these officers were to give their country the advantage of their services in Tangier, where Rutherford was to meet a tragic death, and Norwood was to rise and prosper after his kind. He was a dry precisian ; formal, methodical and pompous ; jealous of his dignity and careful of his profit ; with many respectable virtues, among which nobody ever reckoned an unreasonable desire to be first in a fight. But he was a good office man, and worked hard at what he understood to be his duty.

There may still be a few men living who have heard their grandfathers speak of our relations with Dunkirk as actual issues of our foreign policy ; for the miserable business dragged on till 1744, and, although it lay dormant during the latter half of the seventeenth century, it was stirred up into great activity by the Treaty of Utrecht, from which

date it is the depressing duty of the student of Imperial history to follow the Dunkirk policy in all its unfortunate details.

The England of 1712 was a very different power from the England of half a century earlier. Queen Anne was a simple, honest lady with no scintilla of Charles's wit and shrewdness, but with a high sense of duty—a sense in which her uncle had been totally lacking; and she brought with her to the throne that astounding good fortune which reigning Queens—with one sad exception—have always brought to England.

If Charles had ever shared in Cromwell's dreams, he must have laughed bitterly to himself as he thought of the British Army. Where should he draw his men from? From the Ironsides who scowled at him as the son of the Man of Blood, or from the broken men of fortune who were all that was left of the splendid chivalry that had died for his father? or, if impartially from both ranks, who was to lead, and whom would such an army follow? The idea was madness: to talk of the British Army at the Restoration

was to talk of what did not exist, and could not exist for many a year to come. It is no small mark of Louis's magnanimity that he paid us a great sum for Dunkirk, when he could have struck it from our feeble grasp as easily as a toy from a child's hand.

But in 1712 all was different. Under the leadership of one of those gods of war, of whom Nature has produced perhaps twenty in as many centuries, the British Army had humbled Louis to the dust; his gallant Marshals were driven like so many school-boys, and his splendid armies melted away like mobs before the mighty onslaught of Marlborough. It seemed as if the old days of three hundred years before had returned: as if England had but to snatch rudely, as of yore, whatever she would, and as if France must needs be grateful that she was not totally crushed.

This fierce sense of triumph had somewhat abated when the Treaty of Utrecht was signed; but it was undoubtedly responsible for the foolish Ninth Clause, which was the root of much diplomatic discomfiture, and

even of some national humiliation. By that clause it was provided that Dunkirk should be for ever destroyed as a harbour, fortress, or seaport. This is the kind of stipulation that rouses the maximum of exasperation in the vanquished, and brings the minimum of profit to the conquerors. It was cruel and spiteful ; and, unless France were destroyed or partitioned, which was very far indeed from being the case, it was a condition that we could not possibly see fulfilled. Thirty years of sordid and profitless wrangling—in which England always came off second best—were the outcome of the Ninth Article of the Treaty of Utrecht.

The wrangling began at once. General Hill was appointed to be the English Governor of Dunkirk. He was not a very competent soldier. But, as his duties were more ceremonial than martial, he was not ill fitted for the place. He was a brother of the Queen's favourite, Abigail Hill, Lady Masham. He sailed from Deal at five o'clock in the morning of July 7, 1712, and made Dunkirk at one in the afternoon.

Count Lamont handed over the keys, and we were now in full possession, and able to begin the amiable work of sinking ships in the roads and channels, and destroying the sluices, jetties, and other works. There were some French marines in the town who were permitted by us to reside there during the work of destruction ; in return for this indulgence, we suggested that they might be set to work to help us ; but they do not appear to have done so.

There were about one hundred French ships in the roads, and as we wanted to ruin the anchorage, we naturally wished the ships to sail away. But (as might have been foreseen) every ship had a reason of its own why it could not set sail immediately. Then there was the matter of the sluices. The French Commissary was infinitely distressed ; but in the matter of the sluices he had no instructions, so, pending a reference to Paris, the matter must be hung up.

By the spring of 1714 everything was at a standstill, and the Commissioners reported to Bolingbroke that so far as they could see

the French Commissioner was doing his best to evade the treaty—as, of course, he was.

We thereupon referred to Paris, and the French Government said that, though they had every intention of faithfully observing the treaty, they must take proper measures to protect the country surrounding Dunkirk from being flooded through the destruction of the old works. So the summer found Bolingbroke urging on Matthew Prior to press De Torcy; while at Dunkirk the English and French Commissioners were openly quarrelling—as might have been expected. By ‘protecting the country from inundation’ the French meant digging the Mardyck Canal, which put Dunkirk into communication with the sea by a new route. ‘Protecting the country from inundation’ sounded harmless enough in London, and the Queen raised no objection to such a laudable work; so whenever the Mardyck Canal was objected to as an evasion of the treaty, it was replied that we had granted permission to cut it. This was the first move of the French, and a very astute one. Fortune favoured them.

The Queen was very ill, and in the summer of 1714 she died; a change of dynasty followed her death, and when our new Ambassador, Lord Stair, called on Torcy to press him about the Dunkirk Canal, Torcy was calmly impertinent. He told Stair that the English King's throne was not so secure as to allow of his Ambassadors using the language of insistence, and that he knew England had no credit left. Stair was not to be outfaced. His master's throne, he said, was better founded than Torcy supposed; and if the French Court was counting on England's weakness, it would not be the first time that France had made a mistake of that kind. When this little sparring-match was over, they came back to sluices and drains, and had a very unsatisfactory quarter of an hour. Torcy saw the King the next day, and duly informed Stair that his Majesty thought that the new canal could not matter much, but that as a matter of courtesy he had no objection to giving an undertaking not to fortify it.

In 1715 Louis XIV. died, and the Regent

Orleans proved to be more amenable than the late King. Lord Stair, our Ambassador, had a long conversation with His Royal Highness. 'My lord,' said the Regent, 'you are in the right; you shall do, in the matter of Mardyck, just as you please, only let us have way into Dunkirk for small craft. Shall we say up to three hundred tons?' he asked winningly. 'Three hundred tons, sir!' said Stair; 'that is not a small craft' And, indeed, it was not in those days. 'Two, then?' But still Stair looked grave. 'Well, then, one hundred and fifty?' whereat our Ambassador explained that we could have no objection to small craft going in and out, but not ships that could carry guns and sail long distances. The Regent was quite amiable, and soon afterwards he contrived to raise twenty-four thousand pounds for the destruction of the Mardyck Canal. Next year the Dunkirkers cut the sluice of Furness.

To follow the effect of these operations, we have to recall what the Treaty of Utrecht provided. It laid down the obligation on the part of the French to destroy the artificial

basin, and the canal that connected it with the sea, by filling both up. When it came to the point, the French asked to be excused on the ground of the heavy expense the work of filling up would entail, and, as they pointed out, if basin and canal were left alone they would fast silt up of themselves. We assented, and the Dunkirkers promptly cut the Mardyck Canal, alleging as an excuse that if it were not cut they would all be poisoned by the stagnant water. We replied that the proper remedy for stagnant water was to fill up the canal and basin; and they rejoined that we had already consented to excuse them that part of their treaty obligation. Matters had reached this point when De Torcy had his little sparring-match with Lord Stair. But on the collapse of the attempt on George I.'s throne, and the accession to power of the Regent Orleans, the French adopted a much more conciliatory manner. As we have seen, the Mardyck Canal was filled up. It had served its turn, and had kept open the artificial harbour—thereby enabling the French to evade the Treaty of Utrecht—for five

years ; and its place in our negotiations was now taken by the sluice of Furness.

At this time the harassing and invidious position of English Commissioner posted in Dunkirk to superintend the destruction of the town's health and prosperity was occupied by Colonel Lascelles. He was a man of large experience in warfare, and an excellent engineer. At home Craggs was Secretary of State, Stair representing us in Paris. The Abbé Dubois was in power in France, and Stair pressed him daily to put a stop to the Dunkirkers' efforts to save their town from ruin. 'They presume on the Regent's good nature,' he wrote to Craggs. More than that, in point of fact, for the Regent's order to discontinue the work was simply suppressed ; and large bribes were offered Lascelles to say nothing to his Government about the new work.

Stair now applied direct to the Regent, and pointed out that, whatever the consequences of filling up the basin and canal might prove to be, the French did in point of fact undertake the work of destruction.

Meanwhile, the Dunkirkers worked night and day, Sundays and holidays, and two Englishmen were arrested for inspecting their works. A great storm in 1720 came to their aid, and both the canals were now navigable for small ships.

From the acute stage the Dunkirk question now passed into the chronic stage. A regular round of inquiries, representations and explanations ensued, and after a good many years of solemn trifling a really acute stage once more set in. In 1727 the inhabitants of Dunkirk began to repair the old works, and our Commissioner in Dunkirk, Colonel Armstrong, who had previously been joined on the same Commission with Lascelles, and understood the whole question, duly reported the fact ; but added the sensible comment that he thought it would not do much harm. His report, however, came at an unfortunate moment, if, as appears, he thought that we had better overlook what we could not hinder. A new King was on the throne, who was fond of asserting himself, especially in foreign affairs ; and a Commission was

formally drawn up directing an inquiry as to whether France had carried out the provisions of the Ninth Article or not. After a little preliminary obstruction on the part of the French, the Commission got to work, and duly reported what everybody knew.

But this time the stale old question roused public feeling in England in a very unexpected way. In a Committee of the whole House on the state of the nation, the Dunkirk papers were moved for ; evidence was taken, and urgent representations were demanded. It was at this time that the Commission was advising, sensibly, that, inasmuch as Dunkirk could always be put into a complete state of defence within three months of a declaration of war, it was advisable to take no notice of the works, although they were certainly violations of the Treaty of Utrecht. But this moderate advice did not at all suit the temper of the public. It was loudly insisted on that the destruction of Dunkirk was the chief benefit secured by the treaty, and that more than two-thirds of the trade of England was threatened by the mere existence of the town,

'the glory of France and the terror of England,' as it was somewhat hysterically called.*

This outburst produced some effect in Paris, and strict orders were sent to Dunkirk to press on the destruction of the new canal. Lascelles in June, 1730, reported that, as the result of these orders, the workmen had got through in seven weeks what ought to have taken them two or three days. Lord Waldegrave called on Cardinal Fleury at Compiègne and complained. The Cardinal expressed himself as greatly shocked, and in the Ambassador's presence wrote a strong letter to the local French authorities, but at the same time he did not conceal his belief that Lascelles was exaggerating. Lascelles replied to the Cardinal with dignity, and the old round was resumed. Complaints from Dunkirk to London, and instructions from London to Paris, were followed by strict

* At the height of this futile agitation, an event of real importance to the world had taken place in the West of England. The Rector of a country parish became a grandfather. The Rector's name was Hastings, and in due course his grandson was baptized Warren.

orders from Paris to Dunkirk, which were never intended to be obeyed. In July, 1732, Lord Waldegrave had an interview with M. Chauvelin, the Garde des Sceaux, and it was plain that the French were losing their patience. M. Chauvelin's manner was so heated that Lord Waldegrave was glad to be able to turn the conversation. A year later he took Colonel Lascelles with him, and had a long and formal interview with Fleury, Chauvelin, and Grandville, the French local Commissary. The Cardinal was neutral, but Chauvelin was insolent in the extreme; gave the lie to Lascelles, and flatly refused to advise his master to cut the Dunkirkers' throats to please the English King. He was technically in the wrong, as the French had been from the beginning, and he went out of his way to be offensive—intentionally, no doubt; but we can hardly help according him our sympathy. It was a very critical interview; a single rough word on our side would have brought about a rupture of relations between the two countries.

The agitation in England had died down,

as it was bound to do, having only a slender basis in fact, and none whatever in reason. But feeling in France ran very high. After his last interview with Cardinal Fleury, Lord Waldegrave reported it to be his belief that there was not a single man of the Court, nor a tradesman in France, who would not give half he had in the world rather than humour us (as they called it) in the matter of Dunkirk.

It is difficult, although perhaps not impossible, for us to imagine an English Minister who could wantonly expose the Ambassadors of his Sovereign to such disastrous scenes. But had publicity been possible in those days no one would have been surprised at any vagary of our policy, for it was conducted by the Duke of Newcastle. This grotesque and feeble personage must now be studied in his relations with Dunkirk, for even he seems to have felt that English Ambassadors ought not to be humiliated beyond a certain point, and that point had now been reached.

Lascelles was now chief engineer of Great Britain, and resided in England, his place

at Dunkirk being taken by Mr. Day, a connection of his, and a pathetic figure in this dismal story. He suffered from bad health ; he was severely snubbed by the French, and as for the English residents, they were not fit to associate with. Dunkirk was a handy refuge for a man who might be compelled to leave England hurriedly, and the English who lived there were detestable characters. The easy explanation of Jacobitism justified their flight from their native land, and made them popular with the French. Day was, of course, hated as the local embodiment of English policy. He had a world of difficulty to get his pay. There must be correspondence without end, interviews with Walpole in country houses, reminders to Newcastle at Kensington, long and painful cringing to everyone in authority.

Accustomed as we are now to the cut and dried forms of official communication, it is painful to find a representative of the Crown compelled to address the Secretary of State in the following manner: 'May I presume to take the liberty to flatter myself that your

Grace will be so good as to pardon'—his having nothing to report, because his Grace's proceedings had tied him hand and foot in a most difficult position—a position so degrading that one marvels what use the Government could have for so forlorn an agent.

It soon became apparent: he was to be turned into a spy. This was the use to which Newcastle now proposed to put the half-starved, much-bullied, unhappy representative of the Crown at Dunkirk. But Day's isolation was so complete that he had a difficulty in carrying out even these humiliating duties. He managed to get together through consular agencies some information as to the French preparations for war. But it was at the risk of his liberty, and his humble request for the command of a company as some recompense for long years of service under most trying conditions was ignored. In the spring of 1740 he died—let us hope not of starvation.

There was a successor appointed, Captain Laye, although it surely would have been better to avoid exposing another King's officer

to the affronts put on Day. He asked for instructions, and was told to go and live at Dunkirk and keep his eyes open ; Day had had no instructions, added the Secretary. This was hardly ingenuous, for he had acted as Commissary, and drawn pay in that capacity.

In this very anomalous position John Laye made his way to Dunkirk and called on the Commandant, who said that he would refer to Paris to see whether he could be recognized, and in the meantime did not return his call. Soon the answer came : the French Government refused flatly to acknowledge Laye as an official person, which was hardly to be wondered at, considering his very irregular instructions.

Finding himself ignored, Captain Laye requested permission to return to England, as, being in a private position, he could not now be of any service. This was the kind of application that brought an answer almost by return of post. A man might clamour for his pay for years in vain ; but at the first hint of his throwing up a disagreeable appointment Newcastle rose to the occasion.

'It did not signify,' he wrote to Laye, 'that his Majesty's agent was ignored in his official capacity. He must not think of returning to England. On the contrary, he must continue to reside in Dunkirk like a private person, and send over what information he could'—be a spy, in fact.

Somewhat naïvely, or perhaps in a kind of grim jest, Laye applied to the Commandant for permission to examine the French works, and report on them to England as a private person, since he might not do so officially. But the Commandant did not see the humour of the situation, if Laye intended it to be humorous. He 'sent for' Laye and gave him his 'orders,' which were, in brief, to behave himself in all things as a private person subject to the Commandant, and above all to avoid meddling with, or reporting on, the French works in any way whatever. To this pass had the English Commissary been reduced, the official whose predecessors had in former days exchanged calls with Dukes and Marshals, and corresponded direct with Cardinals.

But John Laye meant to earn his pay as Commissary or spy, whichever claim might prove the easier to establish ; and at the risk of his liberty he sent to Newcastle information that the French had now gone so far as to erect forts commanding the entrance to the old canal of Dunkirk. Thereupon the Duke of Newcastle wrote from Whitehall to Colonel Lascelles at the Tower, Chief Engineer of Great Britain, and gravely inquired what would be the effect of constructing batteries at the mouth of a canal.

With admirable gravity, Colonel Lascelles replied that he had not seen these particular batteries, but speaking generally, and so far as his professional experience went, the effect of planting batteries at the mouth of a canal would be to protect the canal from the approach of hostile vessels.

Some time after this important correspondence Laye contrived to smuggle through the information that the French were making fortified entrenchments round Dunkirk. Thereupon the Duke of Newcastle solemnly inquired of the first engineering

authority in Europe what was the effect of an armed entrenchment, and whether it was an evasion of the Treaty of Utrecht. With a due answering solemnity that must have cost him an effort to preserve, Lascelles replied that, speaking generally, the effect of a fortified entrenchment drawn round a town was to protect that town from the attack of a hostile force. It also protected from observation works carried on behind it, and, inasmuch as the French were forbidden by the Treaty of Utrecht to fortify Dunkirk, the construction of a fortified entrenchment round Dunkirk was a plain violation of the Treaty of Utrecht.

War against England was proclaimed at Dunkirk on March 21, 1744, and the revived English domination in France flickered out after thirty years of life which it would be complimentary to call inglorious. For four hundred years had the English persisted in their endeavour to supplant or control the authority of the French King within his own dominions, sounding in their efforts every note in the scale of human conduct,

from the Black Prince winning his spurs at Crecy to John Day dunning the Duke of Newcastle for the arrears of his pay as a spy, from incredible heroism to meanness unfortunately only too credible.

As one result of these long centuries of strife, we now own no single acre of the soil of France. But if we have lost a Continental dominion to which we ought never to have aspired, and which must always have been narrow in extent and difficult to hold, we have acquired, in exchange, Imperial dominions which we hold with ease, and of which we have rather to restrain than to stimulate the expansion.

The contrast is worth noting, worth dwelling upon; for it points our destiny, and perhaps, also, the destiny of our neighbours.

CHAPTER III.

TANGIER.

THE Salee rovers and Argier pirates were heavy crosses to the merchants of London in the seventeenth century. Not only was every ship that set sail from Argier a perpetual menace to our traders' cargoes, but she carried within her, for a certainty, the dreaded infection of the plague. So the City heard with more than satisfaction that the King's marriage with a Portuguese Princess was finally resolved on.

The dower of Catherine of Braganza was no less a sum than three hundred thousand pounds; but this was not the article that made the marriage treaty most popular in England. Portugal undertook, in addition, to cede to us a much-talked-of post in the

East Indies (which turned out to be the 'inconsiderable' island of Bombain), and—crowning advantage of all—a port in the Mediterranean.

The last article was the chief cause for congratulation. It was confidently expected that under the guns of Tangier our merchantmen would be secure from Barbary corsairs, and that within the mole about to be built there, not only the Smyrna fleet, but also the ships trading to the West Indies, would find a convenient anchorage and facilities for cleaning and repairing. These were great advantages, and they made Charles II.'s marriage the most popular act of his life; it was universally felt that he had begun his reign with a good stroke of business. And yet, except in one direction, and that thought least likely of all at the time, these ideas were quite illusory. The marriage treaty of Charles II. was, certainly, of enormous advantage to the British people in the long-run, for it gave them Bombay, the nucleus of our later conquests in the East, and now the second city in the Empire.

But our occupation of Tangier was unfortunate from first to last, and brought us no advantages whatever.

This was, in part, the fault of the Administration ; but the best colonial administration ever devised could have made nothing out of Tangier with the restrictions laid upon it by the home authorities. The instructions from Whitehall were to push on the mole as fast as possible ; in the meantime, to avoid all entangling dealings with the Moors ; with whom we were to dwell in perfect peace, and to secure the expansion and prosperity of the town by encouraging settlers from Europe. Four instructions and four impossibilities. Only one of these blunders can, in fairness, be laid at the door of the Tangier Commission—the plan of constructing a mole. It was desirable that a mole should be constructed if possible ; but it did not call for very profound engineering knowledge to make it clear that the wash of the Atlantic and the easterly storms of the Mediterranean, acting on shifting sandy shores and the soft stone of the country,

were certain to destroy the mole as fast as it was built, and to silt up the harbour as fast as it was cleared.

The other mistakes of the Tangier Commission may justly be laid to a lack of experience in dealing with barbarians ; they had not the knowledge born of two hundred years of Imperial work. We know now that it is impossible for Englishmen to settle peaceably in a country of barbarous or semi-barbarous people. Our desire for peace they impute simply to timidity ; and until they have been well beaten, not only can we have no dealings with them, but every load of food and forage has to be fought for. It is a simple conclusion from these premises that the settlement of Tangier was a dream that could never be realized. No prosperous or careful man would willingly settle in a city that was in a perpetual state of siege, and where his very food must be brought from a distance of three weeks by sea.

In happy ignorance of all his difficulties, the Earl of Peterborough took up his appointment as first Governor of Tangier, and

sailed from Deal in the winter of 1661-62. He made Tangier after a quick passage of a fortnight from the Downs, and found the place very little better than a ruin. But he brought with him a garrison of about four thousand men, and at once addressed himself to his difficulties with his neighbour, the redoubtable Gayland, Chief of Arcilla. This princelet was for a time quite a hero of romance. The chaplain of the forces, the Rev. Lancelot Addison, afterwards chaplain to the King and Dean of Lichfield,* wrote an account of Barbary which is full of Gayland. He was a standing danger to us, but, fortunately, he had two rivals—Benbucar of Salee, and a chieftain who lorded it at Tafilet, and was destined in the end to overthrow him. Thus, Lord Peterborough found himself face to face from the first with the eternal problem, In the event of disputes between native princes, if our aid is asked for, ought we to interfere? Several

* The name of Addison is, perhaps, better known to us now through the writings of the Dean's son, Joseph Addison.

openings of this kind offered themselves during our occupation, and if any one of them had been taken advantage of, there would be no Morocco question at the present moment.

Lord Peterborough dutifully asked for instructions; but he was saved all further trouble in the matter by his sudden recall to England. He was, and with good reason, deeply incensed at this treatment, which, besides being unfair to himself, doubled our difficulties in dealing with Tangier. It was the first of those shifty moves by which the interests of the colony were sacrificed to the need of finding a place for some importunate person at home. As one result of this policy, Tangier had twelve Governors in the space of twenty-two years. Lord Peterborough's place was taken by the late Governor of Dunkirk, Lord Rutherford, created on his promotion Earl of Teviot. He was a Scotch soldier of fortune, and a man of great and varied ability. His accounts were a curiosity; but in those days accounts were generally regarded as the

natural stepping-stones to fortune, and Teviot's hot-headed courage was beyond question. Courage was a very good quality for a Governor of Tangier to possess; but whether it was that his hands were tied at home, or that he was too much engrossed with his accounts, the fact remained that while Teviot was Governor the power of the Moors increased enormously. As we would give the Chief of Salee no help, Gayland mastered that town. He made peace wherever he could not conquer, and now dreamed of nothing less than the Empire of Morocco. Nor were the Moors our only foes. The Spaniards gave Gayland forty thousand pieces of eight, and supplied him with guns. The Dutch joined with Spain to hinder the Tangier trade in every possible way, and Spanish engineers, disguised as Moors, were reported to be helping Gayland's soldiers to entrench themselves.

Teviot had the very useful quality of making everyone believe in him; and though he was quite ignorant of defensive warfare, he managed to give the garrison the impres-

sion that they were perfectly safe in his hands. There was a rude awakening from these delusions. During the Governor's absence on leave, Gayland, still nominally at peace with us, joined the Lieutenant-Governor, Colonel Fitzgerald, in a hawking-party, and brought fifty followers with him. There was much pleasant conversation of an indifferent kind as they were riding about the country near Tangier, and Fitzgerald thought that the morning had been harmlessly if not profitably spent. But some of the fifty members of Gayland's escort must have made better use of their time than Fitzgerald, for shortly after the Governor's return war was formally declared, and then it became apparent how much more Gayland knew about Tangier than we did. On May 4, 1664, Teviot made a reconnaissance in force towards a point of seemingly open country, and was caught in an ambush. The Governor himself, with nineteen commissioned officers and five hundred men, were cut off and slaughtered almost to a man.

This was a heavy blow, and the news of

it, noised abroad throughout the coasts of Spain and Africa, was heard as the herald of our departure. But we stood our ground, though with greatly reduced numbers, and Fitzgerald was appointed to act until the new Governor should arrive. He was not more superstitious than other men in those days, but it is curious to observe that he was much more disturbed at the blazing stars then appearing at night than he was at Gayland's victory. These 'blazing stars' were the comets that so much interested Charles II. that he sat up with the Queen for a whole night to watch them. They alarmed Fitzgerald a great deal, and he carefully reported them to the Secretary of State, wondering what they might portend. As a set-off to these ghostly anxieties, however, the material cares of his office sat very lightly on him. He had no doubt that Gayland would soon find it to his interest to be a good neighbour, which is exactly what this kind of man never does until he has been well beaten.

But an Irishman's light-heartedness must have been a man's best possession in Tangier

in those days. Shut up in a dull town, the open country occupied by enemies whom they were forbidden to attack, the Tangerines must have been wonderful people if they did not give way now and then to despondency. In addition to this they were miserably fed ; for the Moors hindered them from growing any fresh food for themselves, and they were thus almost dependent on the salted supplies brought from England. We might have got supplies from Spain, if the Spaniards had not been as anxious to starve us as the Moors. But the Duke of Medina Cœli forbade all traffic with us, and insolently proclaimed that, since the consent of Spain to the cession of Tangier had not been obtained, he should treat all Englishmen resident there as rebels to the Spanish Crown.

The arrival of a new Governor made a welcome stir in this depressing atmosphere, for it was almost the only occasion when anybody was paid. Lord Bellasis, an active and popular man, convoyed the Smyrna fleet from Plymouth, and assumed the governorship in April, 1665. He did not take long to grasp

the situation, and at once reported that the Spaniards were paying Gayland to oppose us, and that the only way to bring the Moors to reason was to blockade Salee and Tetuan. This could have been done with one first-rate frigate at each port ; but the advice was not taken. It would have aroused suspicion in many men to find that, in spite of this neglect of proper means, Gayland assumed about this time a most accommodating attitude towards the English. It seems, however, that Lord Bellasis took this as a personal tribute ; for he entered unsuspectingly on negotiations for peace, and carried through the treaty without a hitch. It was printed and published by order of the Secretary of State, with six reasons endorsed, showing how much more advantageous it was than any previous truce. The subsequent events formed an object-lesson in Moorish diplomacy which was entirely thrown away in England, but which would have been valuable to Lord Bellasis if he had retained office. However, he had his eye on a place about Court ; so, taking advantage of the good impression wrought

by his treaty of peace, he quitted Tangier in 1666, and it was left to his successor to discover the springs of Gayland's complacency.

They did not long remain secret ; but the successor of Lord Bellasis was, of all the administrators of Tangier, the one least qualified to deal with a crisis. Colonel Henry Norwood was a man of piety and of some position. He had seen service at Dunkirk, was Treasurer of the Colony of Virginia, and on being superseded at Tangier was promoted to be a member of the Tangier Commission. He was a careful and methodical administrator, but he was emphatically a dull man. His notion of action was to write a report, and Colonel Norwood's reports were very serious matters.

The Secretary of State, who was a man of pleasure, like most of Charles II.'s Ministers, found them much too serious. At first they were carefully abstracted ; but the précis gets scantier and scantier, until at last a despatch four pages and a half in length is endorsed 'Ye brushes with ye Moors,' and quite sufficiently endorsed.

It was while Colonel Norwood was in office that we had our great chance in Morocco. Hardly was Lord Bellasis gone, when Gayland asked us for help. The King of Tafilet had invaded him from the south, and the new tyrant's affairs prospered. Gayland went from bad to worse, and at last offered us Arcilla (where he was shut up) if we would garrison the place with three hundred men. The men could at that time have been spared easily enough, and would have been glad of a little active service. It is more than probable that a bold stroke at this juncture would have given us the Empire of Morocco. But the Governor of Tangier was the last man in the world to make a bold stroke. The first thing to do was to sit down and write a report, and while the answer was coming Arcilla was captured, Salee reduced, the King of Fez dragged in chains to Mequinez, and Muley ar Rashid became Emperor of Morocco instead of Charles II.

No small blame, however, must attach to the home administration for this very serious

blunder ; for, though Colonel Norwood was tedious and long-winded to the last degree, the office did not depend solely on him for news. Lord Arlington's secretary, Joseph Williamson, who succeeded his chief as Secretary of State, corresponded regularly with Major Palmes Fairborne for two years and three months ; or, rather, he allowed Fairborne to write to him during that time whenever a ship sailed for England. Fairborne was a very good officer, and was honoured after his death with a tomb in Westminster Abbey, and a laboured epitaph by Dryden. Even at this distance of time his despatches are good reading, and they certainly deserved the simple courtesy of an acknowledgment. But when Lord Bellasis himself, a peer of England and the Governor, had to wait for six months before the slightest notice was taken either of his reports or even his requests for instructions, it was not to be expected that Fairborne would fare any better. His letters are piteous reading sometimes. He begged over and over again to be informed wherein he had offended Williamson,

and craved for an answer, if it were but a single line, adding once, sadly enough, 'You cannot imagine the comfort it gives a man at this distance.' It must be remembered, in excuse for what seems unworthy persistence, that his whole chance of promotion depended upon Williamson's good word.

In those days of universal *bakhshish*, it is not to be supposed that Fairborne neglected this simple means of securing a patron's goodwill. For a Major in a line regiment his presents to Williamson were handsome, and the last was even splendid, being a very fine Barbary colt that Fairborne had himself chosen. In due course the captain who carried the colt to England brought his ship back to Tangier. He was the bearer of a verbal message from Williamson to say that the colt had come to grief. At this Fairborne's wrath boiled over. It was one thing not to answer a man's letters: it was quite another thing—it was downright unsportsmanlike—to spoil a colt like that. Promotion or no promotion, the thing was not to be borne in silence. 'I tell you plainly,' he

wrote, in a very different style from his previous rather slavish letters—‘I tell you plainly that you should never have had him if I had thought you would have set so little store by him, so much was I in love with him myself. A better colt never left these shores, and he would have made the best horse in England.’ This little explosion did a great deal of good. Williamson wrote civilly enough in reply to it, and showed that there had been no malice in his neglect by furthering Fairborne’s promotion to a colonelcy, a knighthood, and the lieutenant-governorship of Tangier. The long and short of it was that the Tangerines were mostly strangers to Whitehall; they might be very deserving people, but they were three weeks off by post, and it was too much trouble to keep up with them.

Ignorance of Tangier and indifference to the settlers there were only two of the results of the general and deeply-rooted corruption that reigned at Whitehall. Accounts were passed out of courtesy or from sheer incapacity to go through them, and Governors

were chosen for any reason rather than their fitness for the post. But it must be admitted that no very sound counsel came from Tangier itself. The officers there did their duty under most trying conditions, and deserved great credit for their efforts; but of all the men who recorded their views of the place during the twenty-two years of our occupation, only one* pointed out the true and statesmanlike policy of expansion into what we should now call the Hinterland. All the others urged the two impossibilities of constructing a mole and keeping the peace with the Moors. Nor was the real importance of the titles assumed by our squabbling neighbours ever weighed, except, apparently, by Sir Hugh Cholmley. The rise and fall of Gayland taught us nothing; and we had hardly done paying court to the 'King' of Barbary than we began wearily to consider our relations to his conqueror, the 'Emperor' of Morocco. Colonel Norwood had recommended an

* 'So long as we keep within the walls we only lose our money.'—An anonymous writer, whose pamphlet is preserved in the *Harleian Miscellany*.

Embassy ; and after some time an Ambassador was chosen in the person of Lord Harry Howard, who soon after succeeded to the dukedom of Norfolk. Cholmley laughed openly at making so much of the Emperor, and told Lord Harry that he was much too great a man for the place. The Ambassador was a good deal nettled at this. To him an Ambassador was an Ambassador, and an Emperor was an Emperor ; and if he had lived now he would probably have added, 'Why all this foolish prejudice against people with dark faces?' 'Well, your lordship will get no further than Tangier,' concluded Sir Hugh, whereat Lord Harry turned and went away in a rage.

After four years of Colonel Norwood a successor was found in Lord Middleton, another Scotch soldier of fortune, who went out as Governor in 1670. The troops, never less than nine, and sometimes as much as twenty, months in arrears, were glad to see any Governor who brought their pay, and as various notables came with him the season of 1670 opened gaily enough. His Excel-

lency was accompanied by another Excellency, my Lord Ambassador, and by one of the earliest recorded globe-trotters, my Lord Castlemaine. But this brilliant society broke up very quickly. There was nothing in Tangier to amuse a man like Castlemaine, and as for the Ambassador, he very soon found out that Cholmley had been perfectly right. It was plain that no honour was to be won, and no business to be done; the Moors only gaped for the presents that he had brought with him. He never stirred out of Tangier, and after a stay of three weeks he took ship and returned to England, a wiser man than when he started.

The immediate result of the withdrawal of the Embassy was that the Emperor opened negotiations with France, which fortunately came to nothing. Muley ar Rashid was occupied during his short reign with the cares incident to the succession, the removal of troublesome relatives, and other necessary precautions. He also enjoyed his Empire rather too riotously to care much for foreign politics, and the end of him was that he

knocked out his brains while riding through an orange-grove after a drunken revel. He was succeeded, unfortunately for us, by Muley Ismael, a much more dangerous neighbour, and in many respects a remarkable man.

There have been Princes more depraved than the Emperor Muley Ismael, and conquerors who have shed infinitely more blood. He had little in common with Tamerlane, and still less with Nero or Gilles de Retz. Muley Ismael led a domestic life that had in it many qualities that go to make what we call respectability. He was pious, sober, regular in his habits, punctual in attending to business, and his hobby was building palaces. But he had a weakness : human life he must take ; and he took it daily, as other men take exercise, during a reign of more than half a century. Why he was not murdered himself was a mystery, for he had few of the qualities that dazzle the eyes of subjects. He was not a coward, but he was not a warrior ; for he only fought two campaigns, one against the English and one against Algier, and in both he was defeated.

Sheer force of character and an imposing manner, akin to that of the Great Monarch, sufficed to awe his subjects, who obeyed him less as a despot than as they might the Prince of Darkness himself.

What his Court was like in his youth we can only surmise ; but we are so fortunate as to possess a very full account of it in the reign of George II., by which time the Emperor was much softened by years. Muley Ismael, then eighty-seven years of age, rose early, and, after saying his prayers, was abroad among his workmen by the first streak of dawn. It was from these harmless people that he selected his first victim of the day—the victim whose murder was ‘his top pleasure.’ He chatted with his retinue, gave informal audience if occasion required, speared a man or two, and then returned to the palace for breakfast, and to dress for the public Hall of Audience. The Emperor varied his robes according to his moods, yellow being ‘his killing colour’; and when he entered the divan clothed in yellow, every courtier round the throne knew that someone in that room

would have to die before the Emperor left it. Thus, the cares that wait on courtiers everywhere were intensified, at Mequinez, by the fearful excitement of the Suicide Club.

The principal feature of the Court was the band of eight hundred boy-executioners, who were entrusted with the duty of tearing men to pieces when the Emperor decreed that form of punishment. They were all tawny, being bred from sires and dams chosen and mated by the Emperor himself with the view of getting tawny offspring. When of age to be tested, they were brought to the palace and left in one of the squares ; and when the old Emperor had leisure, he went, armed with a blunt lance, and bastinadoed them until the gutters ran with their blood. They were left lying in the sun for some time, and on the Emperor returning and giving the signal for them to move, only those were chosen who got up and ran away. Those who were faint with the beating, the sun, and the loss of blood were sent back to their villages. These little fiends were the Emperor's favourites,

and during his long reign he was only known to kill three of them.

Another band of executioners consisted of a corps of stalwart negroes as black as could be found. To them was assigned the duty of tossing, whenever the Emperor had a mind to that spectacle. They officiated two at a time, seized their victim, and flung him over their shoulders. When in practice, they could break either right or left shoulder as the Emperor wished ; but, as a rule, dexterity was not exacted from them : their only duty was to toss the man till he died. These were two of the ways in which Muley Ismael had men executed when the rank of the victim or his crime called for some circumstance and display. Trifling offences, such as a man losing his place in a procession, the Emperor punished only by spearing. When the lance was withdrawn he would throw it in the air, when the nearest man must catch it before it fell to the ground, under penalty of being speared himself.

In such a shambles a blow would sometimes go astray, and then the Emperor was

at his best. He would send for the relatives of the murdered man, and express his concern and regret for the loss of a valued subject. He had no idea how it could have occurred, as he had no fault to find with the deceased. The death must have been by the act of God, and he would conclude with a handsome apology and with gracious permission to bury the remains. This was a considerable indulgence, for the Emperor's victims were usually left for the street-dogs to devour.

The Emperor affected the Satanic (if anything can be called affectation in a man who took himself so seriously), and often carried it to extraordinary lengths. The morning after he had murdered anybody of importance, and while the dogs were rending and snarling over his remains, the Emperor would look round his Court, and anxiously inquire, 'Where is such and such an officer?' An inarticulate murmur was the usual response; but the Emperor was not to be denied. Where was the man? and why had he presumed to absent himself from the presence

without leave? Lest the Emperor should fall foul of the whole Court, some trembler, greatly venturing, would at this stage say that he was dead. The Emperor was deeply shocked. Dead! was it possible? And who had killed him? This was the critical moment; and if any novice at Court, encouraged by the tenderness of the Emperor's voice, and his kind and sorrowful bearing, should presume to recall the events of the day before, he was instantly speared for his impertinence.

Such, in his old age, was the man who, in the full strength of youth, ascended the throne of Morocco, and cast envious and orthodox eyes on the port of Tangier, still, in spite of reverses, garrisoned by infidels. He was, fortunately for us, a very poor soldier. In a country no larger than Portugal the rebellion against him was kept up for five years; and in that time we could easily have made Tangier impregnable, if we had set to work the right way. But over all the business relating to Tangier two words are writ large—peculation and confusion. Lord Bel-

lasis' accounts were passed somehow ; Lord Teviot's accounts had been passed out of politeness, and Lord Middleton was another Teviot. We had only a vague idea of what line to take up in Morocco, and that idea was a wrong one. Vast sums were expended on material for the mole, and might just as well have been poured into the sea. When money for labour could not be had, the unpaid soldiery were set to work on it. The deepest gloom and depression prevailed among the troops, and little wonder, for they had been unpaid for two years. ' I pray God enable His Majesty to provide better forces, and in the meantime shall compose every man's soul in patience,' Fairborne wrote to the Commission in the autumn of 1677. He had long been trying to make bricks without straw, and his spirit was almost broken.

At the end of 1677 we applied a palliative to our distresses, which was ludicrous in comparison with the disease, but which is noteworthy for other reasons : we expelled the Jews from Tangier. They were sus-

pected of acting as spies for the Moors.* Lord Middleton was succeeded by Lord Inchiquin, a well-meaning, impulsive man, devoid of discretion, who might have sat for Frank Esmond. He differed daily with Fairborne, and on one occasion was so ill-advised as, on hearing of a complaint against the Lieutenant-Governor about the sale of meat, to stride from the Council-chamber to the meat-market, and exclaim that, 'God damn him!' he would see justice done. But it was not good intentions, even accompanied by strong language, that could save Tangier. 'I must needs confess I never saw a place more ruinous than this, no one thing being in a condition fit for defence; and, what is worse, not one spare arm except a few blunderbusses.' This was the opinion of the man who was left in supreme command when Lord Inchiquin took leave—Sir Palmes

* Compare this telegram from Madrid, under date November 5, 1893: 'General Macias has expelled from Melilla all the Jews residing outside the walls. . . . They had been suspected of acting as spies for the Moors.'

Fairborne. It was a crisis, and one that called for quick blood and unshaken nerves. The enemy was close on us, and strongly entrenched. They had captured our outlying defences, and twenty thousand Moors held the open country. Fairborne's despatches are now very melancholy reading. He sealed them with his new crest, a dagger impaling a Moor's head, and the motto 'Tutus si fortis'—so strange an irony on the contents. He was not to seal many more, for at the end of October, 1680, he was mortally wounded while inspecting the defences; but he lived to hear that he was avenged.

It was a bad day for the Moors when they killed Fairborne, for the command devolved on Sackville, and under Sackville was Kirke. These two officers had not been long in Tangier, and they had their own ideas of the comparative worth of a British soldier and a Moor. So they quitted the defensive, on which we had conscientiously stood for twenty years, and fell on the enemy. He was smitten hip and thigh. Two thousand dead were left on the field, our forts were

recovered, and the Moors driven from the open country, although they outnumbered us six to one.

This was the first of the thousand victories that have led us to Empire, and its effect was magical. Muley Ismael became humility itself, and begged for peace; not exactly for peace at any price, but for peace at any reasonable price. All he asked was an Embassy just to save appearances, and (*sotto voce*) to give him time to observe us, and to see if we knew our real strength, or whether, though we could not be driven out of Tangier, we might not be bullied or cajoled into evacuating the place.

The only embassy that Muley Ismael really respected was a thousand pikes knocking at his palace gates; but when suavity was likely to be useful he could be as polite as any Moslem, and in politeness a Moslem is to an Italian as an Italian is to the men of every other nation. So while Sir James Leslie, the new Ambassador, was on his way, Colonel Kirke, who was sent on in advance to the capital, was made to understand what the

courtesy of a Moor was like when he laid himself out to be civil.

In Tangier our people had had few opportunities of meeting with Moors of position, and the impression on Kirke of the Emperor's attentions was proportionately great. The Moors must have been surprised at the effect produced on so doughty a foe by a few kind words and gracious gestures ; they had probably never met with a character so simple before.

'I am among the most civilized people in the world,' wrote Kirke, from the Alcalde's camp ; 'and if I ever have a son, I shall prefer to send him here rather than to the Court of France. A brother could not use me more kindly.'

The new Ambassador was a great contrast to this ingenuous soldier. Sir James Leslie had been a private trooper in Tangier, and in that capacity had picked up (probably from syces and other sources of information not open to his masters) a thorough knowledge of the Moorish character. He was not to be hurried, and though Kirke and all Tangier

cried out against him, he took his time over his preparations. Kirke was loud in his remonstrances. 'I have met with a kind Prince and a just General in Morocco,' he wrote. 'I can't imagine what Sir James Leslie means, to make the Emperor stay so long for him.'

Sackville went so far as to say that Leslie was prejudicing our chances of peace, and wrote: 'These people esteem nothing so ill as breaking one's word,' plainly implying that Leslie was laying himself open to that reproach. But Leslie knew his man and knew his Barbary, and the peace was settled without much difficulty in March, 1681, Muley Ismael not thinking it worth while to obstruct the settlement of a truce that he had no intention of observing.

In April, 1681, on Colonel Sackville's retirement, Colonel Kirke was appointed Governor in his place, and soon after the return Embassy from Morocco passed through Tangier on its way to Whitehall. The chief of the three men chosen by Muley Ismael to carry his presents of young lions and ostriches

to Charles II. was the Alcalde Muhammad Ohadu, a scion of an old Moorish family, his mother an Englishwoman. He had administered Tetuan very successfully, and was a man of sense and ability, and of an excellent carriage. He and his Embassy were handsomely received in London. The King laughed a good deal at the ostriches, but was kind and courteous, and entertained his guests at a magnificent feast in the rooms of the Duchess of Portsmouth. All the Sultanas were present, and there was a great display of diamonds and other splendours. It must have been a trying scene for the Ambassador, but he retained his composure and showed to great advantage by the side of the Russian Ambassador, who behaved like a clown. Muhammad Ohadu made himself greatly respected and admired, and was admitted an honorary Fellow of the Royal Society.

The other members of the Embassy were a soldier, and a Háji—Muhammad al Lucás. The latter was a Spanish Moor, a man of good business habits, and well acquainted with our ways, having seen much of us in the

service of Gayland. On that chieftain's fall he purged himself from his early associations by making the Háj, rose high in the Emperor's favour, and gained a great reputation for sanctity.

In his official report on the members of the Embassy, Kirke has described him very plainly. He was, it appears, 'a man who in all contentions about Government, which are frequent in these parts, ever thought that cause the best which was the strongest, and of so flexible a conscience that it never stands in opposition to his interest'—quite a nineteenth-century type of statesman, in fact.

The time they spent in England must have been very pleasant, and it is small matter for wonder that they overstayed their leave; but it was imprudent. On their return to Morocco they were kidnapped, flung into a dungeon, and kept there for twelve days. At last, on one awful morning, they were brought out and led into the Emperor's presence. They were left standing in their chains for an hour, without the Emperor so

much as turning his eyes on them. At last he spoke. Calling them all the dogs and liars in the world, he asked them how they had dared to overstay their leave, and without waiting for their answer he ordered them to be dragged at the heels of mules for twelve miles over a country of rocks and briars. This was probably the worst quarter of an hour ever spent by a Fellow of the Royal Society.

But in a mind where reason was, for the moment, in abeyance, inquisitiveness was fortunately all-powerful. As the trembling Ambassadors recited the honours they had received in England, the Emperor softened visibly. He allowed intercession and spared their lives, but on a discussion arising on the affairs of Tangier, his fury rose to murder pitch. He broke up the Council, if so decorous an expression can be said to be in place, and raged about the palace, killing every man he came across to the number of sixteen, after which he refused to ratify the treaty.

Kirke was deeply mortified, the more so

that he had been completely taken in by the Moors himself. Very soon after he became Governor of Tangier, he learnt the difference between a Moslem as a host and a Moslem as an antagonist. The Emperor first showed his true character to Kirke when a Sherff (the Emperor's sister's son) fled to Tangier from Mequinez, saying (what appears to be a most reasonable statement) that he feared for his life. The Emperor demanded him from Kirke, who, feeling suspicious, was in no great hurry to comply with his wishes. Muley Ismael, convinced by now that there was nothing to be really feared from us, gave full vent to his wrath. He addressed Kirke in the most insulting manner, using the second person singular, and calling him 'Kirke' simply. From that day onwards his enmity to us was shown in every possible way.

Kirke was not one of those who, having conceived an opinion, think it necessary to hold it in spite of evidence. On the contrary, he fully admitted his delusion, and warned the Secretary of State against being taken in

as he had been himself. 'How much we have been mistaken in our measures, and on what uncertain ground we build when we repose any reliance on the most solemn words and engagements of the Moors!' 'I know I need not weary you with hints of the faithless and capricious humours of these people;' 'A people captious in the highest degree, and that are extremely dexterous in cavils'—these are some of his warnings. One of the articles of the treaty contained a permit for Moors to settle in Tangier. Kirke was strongly opposed to this.

'Of all the people in the world, none are to be less trusted to an intimacy and familiarity with the Moors than the English, as there is an absolute contrariety in their humours and designs—the first being a nation naturally subtle, distrustful, implacable, and undermining; our own people, on the other side, generous, loving, credulous, and without any reserve.'

For the future Kirke treated the Emperor with polite contempt. This is one of Muley Ismael's letters :

'To Kirke, Captain of Tangier.'

'Know that we are well acquainted that thou art our servant, and are satisfied with thy friendship to our high estate, and we know not thy master and lord but by thee, and we sent not our servants to him but out of kindness to thee, and to make thee great in thy nation. If [thy King] have a mind to peace, let him send us two great men of thy country, thy King's counsellors, such wherein the Christians do most confide.'

In another letter he demanded that the Duke of Albemarle should be sent to him, and hereon Kirke made the sensible comment that if any Ambassador was sent some great man ought certainly to be chosen, 'the natural haughtiness of these people valuing nothing that bears not the visible stamp of greatness and ostentation.'

But, for his own part, Kirke was opposed to any more Embassies. He took no notice of the Emperor's rage. 'The Emperor makes it out in noise and high language,' was his only comment. It was also clear

that the Moors did not 'mean business,' and they only clamoured for Embassies for the sake of the presents that would pass. He thought that by far the most dignified course to take would be to say plainly that the King valued his Ministers too highly to expose them to the treatment the Emperor bestowed on his own servants, and he added the very cogent comment that it would cost much more to equip an Embassy for the Duke of Albemarle than it would to set the army in order and repair the fortifications.

Kirke made an evil name for himself in the suppression of Monmouth's rebellion ; but in his conduct of the affairs of Tangier he displayed high qualities as a soldier and a statesman. If this astute and vigorous man had been given a free hand, there is no doubt that he would have made an Empire for us in North Africa. There can be no better evidence of his merit than the bad words he got at home for his candour and common-sense. 'It is an inexpressible mortification to me to consider how much this Emperor's refusal of ratifying our treaties will gratify the

desires which are entertained by the restless spirits at home.' The 'restless spirits' lost no opportunity of maligning Kirke, and setting down his changed views of the Moors to his natural wish, as a soldier, for a war. A war! he wrote contemptuously; what object could he have in waging a war with ragged, dispirited, half-armed troops against a powerful enemy in his own country—a war where no glory was to be won, and where there was every chance of being defeated, captured, and tortured to death? And he wrote rather heatedly to the Secretary of State anent 'the Phanaticks that not only cause disturbances at home, but wish ill to our peace abroad.' How well, since Kirke's time, we have come to know those 'Phanaticks'!

It does not appear that the 'Phanaticks' had much influence on this occasion; but the result was the same as if they had.

Lord Dartmouth was the last English Governor of Tangier. He brought orders to rescue, and retire with, the whole Christian population. In his despatches he paid a well-deserved tribute to the officers of the

garrison. 'Better officers,' he wrote, 'cannot be brought to the head of men' than these soldiers who had sought their bread where finer gentlemen would not come. The blowing-up of the fortifications and the mole took some time, during which Lord Dartmouth's observations led him to make the prophecy that the great aim of the French undoubtedly was to make themselves masters of the Mediterranean. His orders were executed without difficulty. The Moors had had their lesson, and, seeing that we were going, they were content to look on and wait until they could occupy Tangier without fighting. They did not have to wait long. No mishap accompanied our embarkation, and by the spring of 1684 the English had left Morocco—for ever?

CHAPTER IV.

MINORCA.

MINORCA was the Malta of the eighteenth century. The island represented to England all that Malta represents now ; to France it represented much more, for she was not at that time accustomed to our presence in the Mediterranean. Tangier, indeed, we had held and given up, and Gibraltar had already been English ground for four years when Minorca was captured. But these places were only at the gates of the Mediterranean, whereas the possession of Minorca meant that England was becoming a Mediterranean Power, a consummation that France was resolved to hinder if possible.

We took pleasure in our new conquest at first, chiefly because it gave us the power of

annoying our enemies. But as the century wore on, and the road to the East became yearly of greater importance, we discovered more solid grounds for holding Port Mahon. The steadily-growing consciousness of the importance of our external relations explains the tempest of wrath that shook the kingdom when Minorca was lost. It also explains the honours paid to the memory of the first Earl Stanhope.

To us, and now, it must often seem strange that, in the great national mausoleum of Westminster, while one of the two most splendid and conspicuous memorials is very properly dedicated to Sir Isaac Newton, the other should have been raised to General Stanhope. But many of those who followed Newton to his last resting-place must have felt that he received an added honour in being buried by the side of so great a man. So much did Minorca mean to our forefathers, for Stanhope was the conqueror of Minorca.

The attack was a rebound from the mainland. Just as in 1794, when driven from

Toulon, we seized on Corsica, so in 1708, when driven from Catalonia, we seized on Minorca. The whole expedition only lasted a fortnight. The outworks of St. Philip's were carried by Brigadier Wade with a rush, and Port Mahon surrendered on December 30.

This was partly good fortune. For in later years Blakeney defended Port Mahon for seventy days with two thousand eight hundred men against an army of fourteen thousand, and in 1780 Murray held the place against the Duc de Crillon for nearly six months with a garrison reduced at last to only six hundred men. But by audacity, and the luck of having a timid opponent, Stanhope captured, with a trifling loss, a place of the first importance.

From Port Mahon we could now control the Mediterranean, for the harbour gave nine to ten fathoms of water, and shelter for a moderate squadron. Our presence there as the allies of Spain 'raised our figure in those parts,' or, as we should say now, added to our prestige. But even with Blenheim, Ramillies and Oudenarde behind us, we had

the utmost difficulty in securing the cession of the island.

For once we saw our opportunity, seized it, and took very good care that only first-rate men were charged with the handling of our new possession. It is the more remarkable that almost the whole of the official correspondence relating to the English occupation of Minorca up to the year 1756 has disappeared, and had disappeared from all Government offices as early as 1763.

A somewhat similar fate has befallen the memory of the great men who were entrusted with the government of the island on which so much depended. John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, a brilliant orator, a rival in war of Marlborough himself, and the first English Governor of Minorca, is now hardly remembered in spite of the enormous monument to his memory in Poets' Corner.

Of Ligonier, most romantic figure of the eighteenth century, we know a great deal. A French Protestant noble expelled from his native country, he entered the English Army; was in the thick of nineteen sieges and

twenty-three pitched battles without receiving a wound; was the last man to receive knighthood under the victorious standard of England on the field of battle; was created in succession Baron, Viscount, and Earl Ligonier; was the only Frenchman who ever commanded the British Army in chief; served five English Sovereigns; lived to the age of ninety, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. But of his work as Governor of Fort St. Philip not a trace remains.

Of Lord Carpenter, who fought his way up to the peerage from the position of a gentleman of the Life Guards, and who was for sixteen years Governor of Minorca, we have only a miserable biography in the Grub Street manner, a woodcut portrait rather better than might be expected, and two or three minutes on the affairs of Minorca in a handwriting as beautiful as Thackeray's.

Of the island itself, on the other hand, we know a great deal.

Minorca was a pleasant island inhabited by an unpleasant people. The countryside

was thickly covered with olive-trees, though the woods looked more inviting than they were, for the ground was stony. There were no rivers, but there was water in abundance, for the Minorquins were adroit well-sinkers. There were no meadows, so it was hard to pasture horses ; but mules thrived somehow, and were useful beasts—much more so than the horses. ‘The Horses, like their Masters, have a certain Stateliness in their Gait that promises more Proof than is in their Nature, for they are both arrant Jades at bottom.’ This is the judgment of a man who knew them both.

The Minorquins, a naturally listless people, did not favour travelling. There was one shelter-house in the island, the Casa del Rey at Alaior, the first stage out of Port Mahon on the road northward to Ciudadella. Here the traveller might count on finding a bed, for which he would have to pay one shilling. If he carried food with him he might sup ; otherwise he must go to bed hungry. There was one cart in the island.

The ordinary education of an English

gentleman in the eighteenth century constituted a man of learning in Spain. When we remember what that education amounted to, we can form an idea of how much a Spanish gentleman did not know ; and Minorca was rather worse than the mainland. One traveller who returned from the long and perilous journey to the neighbouring island of Majorca reported with a scared face that they were teaching *a new philosophy* there, *the foundation of which was reason*. The total population of the island was about sixteen thousand. The Minorquins were permitted by the Spanish Government to possess one knife for each household, but they were compelled to keep it chained to the kitchen-table.

Enough corn was grown on the island to support the people, but not the garrison. The farmers trod out their corn with oxen, and ground it between stones, as was done in the days of Ornan the Jebusite. But it is not to be supposed that they were ashamed, or even conscious, of their backwardness. On the contrary, they held it to be improper to

know more than a Minorquin, and highly irreligious to try experiments. Their vines, for example, were never pruned for those reasons ; and one of our officers who pointed out the value of this simple operation of husbandry was rebuked for his profanity. As if God, who made the vine, did not know how it ought to grow better than any heretic of an Englishman !

The Minorquin would do just as much work as would keep body and soul together, or perhaps not quite so much, preferring to supplement his manual labour by the more grateful exercises of begging or brigandage.

Except when the 'surly Levanters' blew, and during the three hot months, the climate of Minorca was good. Duty was not heavy. A resident officer said that there was more work in one good day's shooting than in three weeks' duty at Port Mahon. But service there was never popular, the extremely formal and unsociable character of the upper classes making pleasant society almost unattainable.

The Minorquin of position prided himself (as was his wont in respect of any of his own personal attributes) on his frugality. But a frugality which is the mere consequence of poverty is not a very sturdy virtue; and when Minorquins dined at our messes they generally quitted themselves well. And small blame to them; for our officers, if their incomes were slender and their amusements few, could at any rate command a good dinner every day. It was only to sluggards that Minorca was an ungrateful soil.

Soup, fish, two dishes, game, sweets and vegetables, Irish butter, English cheese and French bread, were no bad exchange for lentils and water. The wine was good; we called it *Alaior burgundy*, and it cost three-halfpence a bottle.

From a people who will put up with being allowanced by Government in the matter of kitchen cutlery there is not much to be expected. Four centuries of Spanish Government had turned them into what the whole consensus of opinion, private

and official, agreed in describing as a rabble of haughty beggars glorying in their rags; born slaves, intriguing, bigoted and spiteful.

We cannot now test these views; but it is certain that to the last they remained actively unfriendly to us, which is a more damaging fact than all the invective that our irritated countrymen employed. For the people who cannot get and keep on good terms with Englishmen must be impracticable indeed.

Left to themselves, the Minorquins would no doubt have become as loyal as any of the subjects of the British Crown. Unhappily, like the Irish, they were steadily taught by their priests to regard us as the foes of their liberties (save the mark), and of their religion. On the latter head the fact that there was one parson of the Church of England in Minorca, as against two hundred and fifty religious members of the Church of Rome, might have reassured the most timorous. But the Minorquins were not encouraged to reason. 'Hate England and obey us' was

the command issued to them by their spiritual guides—a command strictly obeyed by all, even the magistrates on the Bench.

This was the first and greatest difficulty that beset the Governors of Minorca. Another was the prevalence of intrigue between Rome and the Mediterranean Courts in favour of the Pretender. Another, more serious, but also more easily grappled with, was the corn supply. For corn we were, to the last, dependent on Algiers, and the Algerine fleet was very strong. It was returned by our secret agents in 1718 at twenty ships carrying five hundred and ninety-five guns. Port Mahon, about equidistant from Marseilles and Algiers, thus lay between the ports of an open enemy and an untrustworthy friend. Marseilles lay almost due north, and Algiers almost due south, and distant about one hundred and twenty miles. Barcelona, the nearest Spanish port, was nearer, but not more friendly.

These were some of the difficulties which made the title of Excellency and a salary of seven hundred and fifty pounds a year but

moderate compensations for the anxious duties of Lieutenant-Governor of Minorca. Colonel Richard Kane was the first man to hold the appointment, with George, Lord Forbes, afterwards Earl of Granard, as Governor of Fort St. Philip's under him; John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, was the first Governor.

It was plain from the first that outside the military lines there would be no government worth speaking of without a radical change. In similar circumstances to-day we should no doubt make that change. We should found a small Civil Service officered partly by military men and partly by civilians. We should take over and extinguish all local debts, insist on the absolute purity of the Judicial Bench, and put down brigandage with a strong hand. Further than that we could not go, nor would further action be necessary.

The three distinguished men—we may almost say the three great men—who wielded the authority of the Crown did none of these things. We can guess their reasons without

much difficulty. It would have been an experiment, and the time was not favourable for experiments. A new dynasty was on the throne of England, and parties were much divided. The country was greatly exhausted with the war with France. To manage as well as might be and avoid controversies was, on the whole, the highest wisdom. And to have suggested a Minorquin Civil Service would have been to raise a question controversial in the highest degree.

‘ For forms of government let fools contest ;
The best administered is still the best.’

It would be interesting to know whether Pope had been talking to some officer on leave from Minorca when he wrote these lines. It would be a natural couplet for any man to write now. But in Pope’s time it was rather different. A chapter of history devoted to the luck of England has yet to be written ; but, luck apart, there could hardly be a doubt that in Pope’s time the strong position of England was in a very

considerable degree the result of her form of government. Under the circumstances, to write,

‘ For forms of government let fools contest ;
The best administered is still the best,’

must have seemed mere cynic smartness, unless the writer was thinking of Minorca, where the forms of self-government had subsisted for four centuries and a half, and had succeeded in developing nothing but Minorquins.

It would have been (and especially at that juncture) a most delicate task for Englishmen to destroy institutions which were, even in appearance, popular. To replace such institutions (however harmful they had proved to be in practice) by officials bearing, in their direct responsibility to the Crown, even the most distant resemblance to the tyrants who had oppressed England under the Republic, was quite out of the question.

Well might Argyll and Kane and Forbes stand aghast at the problem before them. They had to govern, under the forms of

popular government, a people to whom the whole spirit of popular government was alien.

So little loyal were the Minorquins that Spain had always been in fear of a Sicilian Vespers, so little self-reliant that no man could stand alone in the plain path of daily duty, so little enterprising that there was but one cart in the whole island, so entirely without business aptitude that all the local bodies were in debt, and so devoid of common-sense that the people thought to honour God by leaving vines unpruned.

In short, the popularly governed island presented all those abuses that orators have been accustomed to associate with the last corruption of an effete despotism. So little have institutions to do with making men.

Small wonder that our Governors played the Gallio, and contented themselves with securing the garrison and leaving the island in its chosen paradise of piety and bankruptcy. The Minorquins were allowed to have as many knives as they pleased ; we were not

afraid of Sicilian Vespers. If that had been the limit of our indulgence, we should have saved ourselves much trouble. But we went further; we took them and their institutions—alas! the immortal error—seriously.

Under Spanish rule there had been a tradition that Minorca was entitled to depute a Syndic to represent her grievances on the mainland when the Governors of the island failed to redress them. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say that the custom had fallen into complete abeyance. On the last occasions when a Syndic from Minorca ventured to present himself to the Governor of Catalonia, he was received with derision and contempt. So fearful has England always been of even the appearance of arbitrary rule that we allowed this (in theory) excellent custom to revive. Such use was made of our indulgent spirit as might have been expected.

The habit of the Spanish mind always has been—and, until Spain wakes from the nightmare of the ages, apparently always will be—to mistake intrigue for cleverness,

factiousness for independence, bigotry for piety, and sharp practice for business aptitude.

Thus inspired, and briefed by his Bishop, the Agent for Minorca became a thorn in the side of Governor after Governor, and a standing trial to the Secretary of State for the Southern Division.

The uneasy throne of resident Lieutenant-Governor of Minorca was occupied by Richard Kane for twenty years ; and on Lord Carpenter's death he was promoted to the governorship, which he held for three years more, until his own death in 1736. No great explosion occurred during his tenure of office ; but he lived in constant apprehension of attack, and in 1725 a formal alliance was entered into between Spain and Austria with the express object of wresting Minorca from England—an alliance which, fortunately, came in this respect to nothing.

Few men have done finer work for England in their day than Richard Kane. He had to keep a watchful eye on his troops, and to keep on as good terms as possible with the

intractable Minorquins. He had to improve the material conditions of his charge with very scanty funds, and in the teeth of continued opposition. The Spanish Consul in Minorca had to be treated as a Consul, although (as there was no Spanish trade to speak of) it was plain, from the first, that he was nothing but a spy.

In his external relations his first duty was to keep the Dey of Algiers in a good temper, and the penalty of failing herein was something approaching starvation. For the other Mediterranean Powers eagerly seized a chance of embarrassing us. He had to exercise the greatest discretion in sending letters to England. Some could be trusted to the French Post-office, but it was often wiser to send despatches by the fleet. Occasionally, when written in cipher, they had to be sent through our Minister at Florence. On the whole, communication with England was fairly easy. Letters sometimes reached Minorca in twelve or fifteen days after leaving England, but three weeks was a more usual time, and there was a packet plying regularly between Port

Mahon and Marseilles which went and returned in three weeks.

In all his work in the Mediterranean, he had to cope with, and outwit if possible (which was very seldom the case), the excellent secret service of France ; and all this delicate work had to be carried on with due regard to the wrangling of parties in Parliament, and in the face of the incessant, and sometimes slanderous, misrepresentations of the Agent for Minorca in London.

Kane was the very man for the place. He was possessed of an even temper. His piety and gentleness were such that fifty years after his death he was spoken of as 'that good man General Kane.' If Rysbraek's bust is at all like him, he must have been in personal appearance a very attractive man. He had fought at the Boyne and in Flanders, and had written a book of tactics which survived him for twenty years. His soldiers, whose welfare was his constant care, were devoted to him, and his death was a great loss to the Empire.

He was succeeded by the Earl of Hertford,

son of the proud Duke of Somerset, a man who had served in the Low Countries in his youth, and carried the Oudenarde despatches to England. He was only just past middle life when appointed Governor of Minorca, but his feeble health prevented him from taking a very active part in the affairs of his government. It was about this time that a lax habit of managing Port Mahon grew up, and that officers on leave in England overstayed their leave almost unchecked. In 1741 there were absent from duty in Minorca the Governor, the Lieutenant-Governor, the Governor of Fort St. Philip's, and eleven commissioned officers. Such slackness was almost an invitation to our enemies. But, as has always been the case in the history of England, the worst enemies of the country were to be found, not abroad, but at home. When the crash came, it found two remarkable men once more at the head of the affairs of Minorca, and no circumstance of publicity was lacking to point the guilt of the Prime Minister in neglecting their remonstrances.

Hertford was succeeded by James, Lord Tyrawley. He was fully Kane's equal in ability, and he possessed the additional advantage of being a peer. He had known Minorca in the early days of our occupation, and had served there for two years under Kane as a Colonel of Foot. He was gifted both in speech and writing with a trenchant power of exposition. He was not content to argue with his opponents ; he denounced them. He was a very sarcastic and a very determined man ; and, as might be imagined, men shrank not so much from crossing him, as from even the appearance of differing with him. Such an assemblage of fighting attributes damages a cause as often as not. But on subjects where Tyrawley was at home (such as Minorca, about which he knew as much as any man in England), he was hardly to be resisted ; and he succeeded in getting the Privy Council out of, at any rate, one very awkward and ridiculous position into which the Agent for Minorca had inveigled them.

Such was the Governor ; the Lieutenant-Governor was a man even more remarkable.

William Blakeney must dispute with Marshal Radetsky and the Eunuch Narses the reputation of being the most extraordinary old man known to history.

He was born in 1672, and served with some distinction in Marlborough's wars ; but the Peace of Utrecht found him at forty-one years of age only a Lieutenant-Colonel. For the next thirty years he served with his regiment without promotion, and may be said to have begun life again at the age of seventy-one. He was promoted to be Brigadier, and sent on the Carthagenæ expedition. On his return he was again promoted, and appointed Governor of Stirling Castle. He acquitted himself well in the '45, was promoted Lieutenant-General, and made Lieutenant-Governor of Minorca.

During the ten years that preceded the outbreak of the Seven Years' War, every conceivable influence was thus brought to bear on the Government to induce them to strengthen the defences and garrison of Minorca. The Governor was the traditional haughty noble of melodrama, and his

truculence was informed by great technical and general knowledge. The Lieutenant-Governor, on the other hand, had risen almost from the ranks, had lived familiarly with officers and men for sixty years, and was beloved and trusted by all.

It is necessary to review these considerations in order to understand the tremendous dead weight of obstinacy that bore them down.

Newcastle was Premier. We may say that Newcastle was the Government. In his eyes England and all her mighty interests existed for the purpose of supplying him with a Parliamentary majority. So far as men served that end they did their duty ; so far as they acted otherwise they were miscreants and blockheads. If Minorca had been a constituency, it would no doubt have been assiduously courted. But as it was, there was no reason why the affairs of the island should be even considered, and they were not considered. It is not enough to say that Newcastle cared nothing for the honour and profit of England ; for him these things did

not exist ; the lust of power occupied his whole being.

It seems to be tacitly agreed that there is no such thing as treason, and certainly, if Newcastle's conduct does not make a man a traitor, there is no distinction worth drawing between loyalty and treason. The sequel is as well known as any piece of English history. A French army of about fifteen thousand men descended on Minorca, and the garrison, after gallantly standing a siege of seventy days, capitulated with the honours of war. A feeble attempt to relieve the place was made by the Government. They equipped (very badly) a fleet of ten vessels, and gave the command to Admiral Byng. He fought an action with Count de la Galissonière, in which he was defeated, and fell back to defend Gibraltar. At Gibraltar, Hawke, who was sent out to replace him, deprived him of his command before the whole fleet. He was brought to trial before court-martial in England, condemned, and shot. Old Blakeney was deservedly loaded with honours. He lived another five years

to enjoy his peerage, a colonelcy, and the Red Ribbon, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Byng has never been properly understood. Few people, even at the time of his iniquitous execution, really supposed that he deserved death. In all men's eyes Newcastle was the real criminal. But the people must have a victim, and Newcastle was beyond their reach. The loss of Minorca stirred the people to their depths. They were in no mood for discriminating ; all they could insist on was that someone must hang for Port Mahon, and so Byng was flung to them as a scapegoat for the Ministry.

But Byng was not exactly a martyr. He was at the time of his death a gentleman of fifty-three years of age, the son of the founder of the Torrington peerage, and might all his life have had any appointment he cared to ask for. It is no proof of cowardice that he chose easy posts. Byng was a brave man, but he was a dawdler ; and when he came to fight his last engagement, he reaped the fruits of his dawdling life, for he was out-manceuvred.

There is no doubt that on the Port Mahon expedition the Admiralty treated him shamefully. They could as easily have given him a fleet of twenty sail as one of ten, and with such a fleet he could have counted on beating off Galissonière, and might possibly have captured the entire French land force. His disgust at this shabby treatment was shown in a very characteristic manner. He exaggerated his natural deliberateness. He waited a month at Portsmouth corresponding about all sorts of trifles : about his secretary's table, which was jammed against the wall ; about his cabin on the *Ramillies*, which was so dark that he had to light candles in the day-time ; about an extra scuttle that he was very anxious to get put in ; and about the recent new regulations for the marines. Not unimportant matters at some times, but how differently would Nelson have gone to work, with all England breathlessly awaiting the results of his expedition !

His conduct was compared at the time with that of Captain Walton, who was ordered in 1718 by Byng's father, Sir

George Byng, to pursue the flying Spaniards, and who reported his action in the following despatch :

‘SIR,

‘I have taken and burnt, as per margin, going for Syracuse, and am, sir,

‘Your obedient servant,

‘G. WALTON.’

This report was contrasted with the sort of despatch England might look forward to if the son's example were followed in the future :

‘SIR,

‘I have the pleasure to desire you will acquaint their lordships that, having loitered away as much time as I possibly could, I at last came in sight of the enemy, to whom I was superior both in ships and guns. As they ran away, though we had the weather-gauge, I did not think it convenient either to follow them or relieve the place with the supplies I had on board. I am making the best of my way to Gibraltar, under the cannon

whereof I soon hope to be safe, because the enemy, who sails three miles to our one, may overtake me, but could not forbear sending the first account of an event of such consequence.

‘P.S.—I have sent you an account both of my own and the enemy’s killed and wounded, by which you will see it was a bloody engagement, especially on board my own flag, where there was not one killed nor wounded.’

This is a very mild piece of political banter by comparison with the bulk of the pamphlets and ballads with which the streets of London were flooded, and which called loudly for Byng’s head as well as Newcastle’s. The great criminal escaped; but on the morning of March 14, 1757, Byng was led on to the quarter-deck of the *Monarch* in Portsmouth harbour. They offered to blind his eyes, but he refused. It was represented to him that the firing-party might shoot better if the Admiral were blindfolded, and he consented at once. ‘If it makes them nervous,’ he said, ‘blindfold me by all means;’ and he

died as he lived, a polite and considerate gentleman.

The extent of our loss is well measured by the wild jubilation that spread through France at the news of the capture of Minorca.

Not only was the actual loss of the place a serious blow to us, but it was confidently expected that it would be followed by the evacuation of Gibraltar. There was much, both in the jubilations and in the manner of expressing them, that was eminently French. In the years that have passed since 1756 the French have changed much less than the English. We no longer content ourselves with sneering at our terrible rivals. We know them for what they are, and admire them for a score of reasons; but Frenchmen study England very little, and can hardly be said either to admire or respect her. To the French the English remain exactly what they were when Port Mahon surrendered to the Duke of Richelieu. We no longer call the French 'froggies,' or 'infidels,' or 'lively Gauls'; but the French still call us, as they called us then, '*avides corsaires*,' '*fléaux des*

mers,' 'ennemis barbares,' and 'brigands.' To the French the enterprises of their own nation bear always the aspect of chivalrous missions, but those of England are still nothing but 'noirs attentats.'

The most extravagant of Richelieu's panegyrists was Voltaire, in whose long copy of verses we find these lines :

'Je ne sçais si dans Port Mahon
Vous trouverez un statuaire,
Mais vous n'en avez plus affaire.
Vous allez graver votre nom
Sur les débris d'Angleterre.'

So long as we retained Port Mahon the war insurance of cargoes sailing out of Marseilles had ranged from fifty to seventy-five per cent. of their value. Immediately after the success of the French expedition insurance rates dropped to fifteen per cent.

The city of Marseilles had lent Louis XV. a million sterling for the Duke of Richelieu's expedition against Minorca, from which enormous loan we may form some further idea of their anxiety to see us driven out of the Mediterranean.

The commercial dealings of Marseilles with Minorca were considerable. The island imported about one hundred thousand pounds' worth of French goods in the course of the year, the bulk of which came in free. On the other hand, English goods entering France by the port of Marseilles had to be warehoused, and they were not admitted to retail until they had paid twenty per cent. duty. In fact, it was chiefly on commercial grounds that the French objected to our presence at Port Mahon. They do not appear to have ever regarded the place as one of military importance. Even when it was in their possession it was carelessly held. We had captured it in 1708, after a trifling resistance, and we recaptured it in 1798 without striking a blow ; whereas in our hands it stood the memorable siege of 1756, which lasted seventy days. In 1781-82 it stood a siege of one hundred and seventy days, which was only less memorable than that of 1756 because the fame of it was lost in the disasters of the American Rebellion and the uproar of the wars of the French Revolution.

It is hardly too much to say that we paid no attention whatever to our commercial interests in Minorca. We valued the island solely for its military and naval advantages. And it must be confessed that we paid an enormous price for its restoration in 1763. For by the Treaty of Paris we ceded Cuba and the Philippines, both mines of wealth, and both conquered by us from Spain during the Seven Years' War.

Colonel Mackellar arrived at Port Mahon on May 29, 1763, and proceeded to take over the place from the Marquis of Puysigneuse, the French Commander-in-Chief. Mackellar was a man of great experience as a military engineer, and had known Minorca in his youth. After doing good service at Louisbourg, Quebec, Martinique, and Cuba, he was destined to end his days at Port Mahon a full Colonel, but with no higher distinction than having once officiated Governor in the absence of superior officers. He was soon after joined by Colonel Lambert from Gibraltar with three regiments, and the English occupation was once more complete.

Colonel Lambert held the chief command until September, when the new Lieutenant-Governor, Colonel Johnston, arrived. The first English Governor of Minorca after the Seven Years' War was Sir Richard Lyttelton. He resided at Richmond during the three years that he held office, and seems to have been quite without influence in the affairs of the island.

Our old acquaintances the Minorquins were in very much the same temper as they were before the war, and welcomed the new Lieutenant-Governor with a grumbling petition of great length. But Johnston was not unprepared. He told them plainly that it was too much to expect the King to look with more than merely tolerant eyes on subjects who repaid his indulgence with malice, that it was not in the power of man to make people prosperous against their will ; but that, if they had not set their faces against everything English, they might have been wealthy long since. All of which admonitions the Minorquins received after the fashion of sulky people—sulkily.

Under the admirable constitution of Minorca it was, unfortunately, in the power of the municipalities to do more than sulk. Taking advantage of our extravagant reverence for the forms of their institutions (a reverence with which they were, from of old, perfectly familiar), they threw serious obstacles in the way of our troops being properly housed, and set aside for our officers houses quite unfit for habitation. Fifteen hundred men and seventy officers had been comfortably quartered in Ciudadella during the French occupation, and yet the municipality complained that they could not find room for six hundred Englishmen.

These difficulties were got over by the Lieutenant-Governor employing the only argument that Minorquins understood, the argument that had been most wisely and efficaciously used by the French in like circumstances—a direct command.

Johnston was a soldier who looked well after his men. On one occasion, when there was a rumour of an impending attack, he reported to the Secretary of State that he

was laying in stores, not only of necessities, but of everything that could increase the comfort of the troops. 'Englishmen,' he added (anticipating the Duke of Wellington), 'will do anything if they like their food, and get plenty of it.' It is remarkable that from the first day of our occupation to the last there was no resident physician at Port Mahon. The sensible men who commanded in Minorca continually urged that the comfort of the garrison could not be considered secure without one. It was the last request of Richard Kane that Lord Molesworth's brother, a physician, might be attached to the garrison. Johnston very early in his term of office pointed out how unfair it was that there should be no medical aid nearer than Marseilles, and during our brief occupation of the island prior to the Treaty of Amiens, it was a want on which Sir James Erskine laid the greatest stress. In spite of which no physician was ever in residence.

As was natural, the Agent for Minorca was furious at the short work that the new Lieutenant-Governor made of obstruction.

In 1766 he had the assurance (it is difficult to find an adjective of sufficient strength for such a performance) to request Lord Shelburne to forward to him all reports that Johnston might make either personally or through his agents. It is quite inexplicable that, after forty years' previous experience, we should have continued to allow this useless functionary to make himself such a nuisance at the Foreign Office.

In respect of this, as well as of the other troubles of the Lieutenant-Governor, history repeated itself with painful monotony. Johnston was as much embarrassed by the difficulty of the corn supply as any of his predecessors; but, in the matter of religious difficulties, an opportunity arose for rebuking the interference of the clergy which might very well have been embraced. In the spring of 1767 the Jesuits were expelled from Spain, and five hundred and forty of them were deported from Carthage, and landed in Minorca.

This was a friendly lead that we might reasonably have followed. Spain could certainly not be accused of heretical leanings;

and if the King of Spain himself found the Jesuits intolerable, the King of England could hardly have been blamed for being of the same mind. Shortly before the loss of Minorca the total number of religious persons resident in the island was returned at four hundred and fifty-five. Thus, when Johnston wrote to recommend the expulsion of the conventual clergy, there were actually one thousand religious persons in an island with a total population of under twenty thousand. The Jesuits, it is true, were on their way to Cività Vecchia ; but at the moment Johnston's recommendation that only beneficed clergy should be allowed to reside was a weighty one. Of the conventual clergy he wrote : ' It is past a doubt that, while they are permitted to remain, they will ever keep the inhabitants poor, ignorant, and dependent upon Spain.' But nothing was done.

Not only, in fact, was nothing done, but the Vicar-General and the Agent for Minorca between them contrived to impress the Secretary of State with the idea that Johnston was tyrannizing over them in a very high-handed

manner. He was directed to reply immediately to the charges against him, and he began to fear that he would be recalled. But in time the Secretary reassured him ; he described the charges as frivolous and vexatious, and the clerical opposition in the island as impertinent and contemptible. Notwithstanding which strong expressions nothing was done either to curb the intrigues or to check the complaints.

In 1770 a Russian fleet put into Port Mahon, and Johnston, obeying his instructions, showed them every civility, reporting on their departure that they were the most quiet set of people he ever met with. In the meantime some changes had taken place in the governing body of the island. Sir Richard Lyttelton had been appointed Governor of Guernsey in 1766, but (somewhat inconsistently) retained the office of Vice-Admiral of Minorca until his death in 1770. He was succeeded as Governor of Minorca by Sir George Howard, a wealthy, successful, and fashionable soldier, who held the post till 1768. In February of the latter year he ac-

cepted the governorship of Chelsea Hospital, and Lieutenant-General John Mostyn (known to law students as the defendant in *Fabrigas v. Mostyn*) became Governor of Minorca.

Governor Mostyn was a man of a humorous turn of mind, and habitually employed the strongest expressions he could find that were consistent with official decorum, and even sometimes whether they were consistent or not. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that the first difficulty that met him in Minorca was a dispute with the Dey of Algiers about the corn-supply. The Dey had lately objected to helping us, alleging that the contractor, one Alexiano, had got corn from him under the pretext of supplying it to Minorca, and had then sold the supplies to Genoa and Spain, the enemies of Algiers. In reporting on the case to Lord Rochford, Mostyn begins by saying that he has reproved Alexiano, with what strength of language we may infer from the rest of his official despatch. 'I would wish to prepare your lordship for what I fear you will call a damned long and tiresome detail of this Algier accusation from

the Russian Minister, as Alexiano writes to him in justification of himself.'

One of the officers who accompanied Mostyn to Minorca was Lord George Lennox, who behaved himself in a rather foolish manner. On this Mostyn wrote to the Secretary of State: 'You know Wilkes, you know the Bill of Rights Club, you know the Livery of London, Sheriffs Saubridge and Townshend—Lord George Gordon* is, in my opinion, more mad than all of them put together.'

After the patient endurance by all concerned of reams of grumbling and slandering from the Agent for Minorca, one John Pons, it is refreshing to find a Governor with the courage to sum him up officially in the following terms: 'I think I should not act as I ought to your lordship, my much esteemed and loved old friend, if I did not, for your private information, let you know that this same Syndick Pons is known and universally said here to be the most consummate rascal on earth.'

* This is a mistake of Mostyn's.

It was the same in everything. The Dey had been misled about the corn, or, as Mostyn put it, 'grossly imposed upon.' Some Danish vessels putting in at Port Mahon had flouted our Customs, and the Governor denounced their conduct as 'perfectly ungenteel and irregular.' An officer who was long past his work he described as a 'mummy.' His own health was broken by age, and his eyesight suffered from the glare, so that he had to take a good deal of care of himself, 'more than I think worth while for such an old fellow as I am.' In 1772 he obtained leave to retire to England, and his last word on Minorca was that he would not return for the fee-simple of the whole island.

Johnston resumed his old post as Lieutenant-Governor, and was confronted with the novel difficulty of a proposed Ambassador to George III. from Tripoli. The Secretary of State was very much concerned at the idea. He wrote to Johnston directing him to offer the Ambassador any reasonable sum—say two or three, or even five, hundred pounds—to go away. His Majesty had

suffered from one such Embassy already, and had no desire to see any more of 'his good brother' of Tripoli, whose presents were not very valuable as a rule, and whose Embassy had to be returned at a cost quite incommensurate with the advantages of the alliance. It was rather a delicate message to give, and Johnston had little time to prepare. In March, 1773, the Ambassador was already at Minorca with a present of horses which Johnston thought might be worth five pounds apiece. He was accorded a sentry at the door, and the guard turned out for him. In the interviews that ensued, Johnston went so far as to charge himself with the horses ; he promised to take every care of them, and in the meantime he offered the Ambassador three hundred and sixty pounds in cash, and a passage back to Tripoli in a King's ship. The Ambassador seems to have appreciated the situation. He was most willing to oblige in any way, and no doubt he genuinely regretted having to refuse the Lieutenant-Governor's offer. But he had been ordered to England, and he durst not return to Tripoli

without obeying his orders. So to England he went in the *Stanley*, bound for Liverpool, and took his horses with him.

Johnston's government of Minorca was as good as could have been expected in the circumstances. The inherent difficulties of the situation had never been boldly faced, and they tormented us to the last. In England the government of the Earl of Chatham had been succeeded by the government of men devoid of ideas other than parochial. But the great man's influence lingered in by-ways; and it was to the prestige attaching to the men of Chatham's choice that the new Lieutenant-Governor owed his appointment. Lieutenant-General James Murray had served as a Brigadier with Wolfe in Canada, had been Governor of Quebec, and served under Amherst at the capture of Montreal. He was destined to close his active career in a blaze of glory, and was, further, conspicuous as the only man who ever got any work out of Minorquins. He attained this astonishing result by virtue of a certain dramatic way of saying and doing whatever he had in hand,

which was a sort of reflection of the great manner of Chatham himself.

The dramatic gift, which is not only lacking in most Englishmen, but is positively abhorred by them, is perhaps the best possible instrument for influencing men of Latin extraction. Many of our Admirals possessed the gift—Duncan and Hawke in particular, and Nelson in a very high degree. It was Nelson's fine theatrical manner that wrung admiration even from the French, in spite of the fact that he wrought them more mischief than any one Englishman since the Black Prince. On the other hand, Minorca was a small stage, but the times were stirring. At first Murray had nothing to do but meet the old difficulties raised by the incompetence and jobbery of the local governing bodies. He felt, and said, that it was to very little purpose to reason with them. The only remedy for this state of things was, in Murray's opinion, 'transferring the powers now in the hands of the ignorant and indigent into those of the opulent and well-informed'; raising the franchise, in short—a

sensible step which, up to the present time, only one constitutional Government* has summoned up courage to take.

But the French were steadily preparing for another attack on Port Mahon, and in spite of their pacific assurances, Murray laid in stores, looked to his arms, and entirely remodelled the system of mines around the fortifications. The death of Colonel Mackellar was a severe blow, as three of the remaining engineers were fresh from Woolwich. But the Governor (recently promoted on the death of General Mostyn) was indefatigable; he continued to lay in everything that could insure the health and comfort of his men, and contrived to raise everybody's spirits. The town of Ciudadella asked for a garrison; he sent them three companies, with permission to raise fifty-seven men to supplement this small force. 'If,' he added, 'you cannot raise fifty-seven men to defend your property, you deserve to have it shamefully taken from you by the first stout privateer that shall make the attempt.' Clearly there was nothing to

* That of the Cape of Good Hope.

be gained—after that—by any more grumbling. About the same time he ordered all French Roman Catholics out of the island, a measure in appearance harsh and unwise, but raised by Murray's concluding words into an order which dignified all who obeyed it. 'It cannot be supposed,' said the proclamation, 'that an honest man, a natural born subject of France, will renounce for ever all allegiance to his native country and his King except from oppression and persecution on the score of religion, and he that would does not deserve the protection of any other State.'

This kind of language was appreciated. There was no pretence of friendliness where none could be looked for ; but it was felt that those who supported the Governor would find a stout and loyal ally, and that those who opposed him would fight with a spirited and honourable foe.

Soon after this incident, Murray set to work to organize his privateering fleet in earnest. He began his operations with a characteristic proclamation. 'I must acquaint the people,' he wrote, 'that all the prizes

taken by vessels acting by my commissions will be the legal property of the King. Of course, those who cannot rely upon His Majesty's generosity will not apply for any such commission ; those who have the same confidence and reliance upon it which I have will arm, and without hesitation push out to sea to destroy the King's enemies.'

By this time the Minorquins, supine and treacherous under all other Governors, had become, not only loyal, but enthusiastic. Fourteen privateers, carrying six hundred men with fifty-six guns and one hundred and seventy swivels, were speedily equipped ; and in the winter of 1778-79 they captured French and Spanish prizes worth eighty - two thousand eight hundred pounds. At this time, when, in Murray's hands, Minorca was a perfect terror to the commerce of France and Spain, his whole garrison only numbered one thousand four hundred *ague*-stricken men. On so small a garrison the burden of guarding the numbers of prisoners taken in the privateers fell very heavily. But the Governor soon turned this weakness into a source of

strength, for he exchanged his prisoners, and so raised an additional force of several hundred Englishmen. This valuable corps was placed under the command of a Captain Heard, who was paid 'ten shillings a day and dearly earns every farthing,' as the Governor reported. For the bulk of the civilian population of Minorca, Murray continued to express the profoundest contempt; but the seafaring folk and those who had enlisted with us were made of different stuff. The Governor was in the highest spirits at the result of his winter's work. He over and over again expressed his hope and longing that the French might blockade him; and, with a splendid Chatham-like inspiration, he assured the Secretary that if only the command of the sea were secured he would raise an army on the shores of the Mediterranean, and conquer Majorca, Iviza and Corsica.

In his work in Minorca there is no doubt that Murray was a good deal hampered by his Lieutenant-Governor. Sir William Draper had captured the Philippines in 1762.

It was a great achievement, and he was justly aggrieved at the levity with which this mine of wealth was restored to Spain by the Treaty of Paris. His personal claims were recognized, and he was made a Knight of the Bath for his conquest, being only asked to waive his right for a time in favour of Lord Clive. But these distinctions only served to nourish the enormous personal vanity of Draper. He had been educated at Eton and King's, and considered himself all his life a man of letters as well as a soldier. He had tilted with 'Junius,' and was in every way ill fitted for the second place anywhere.

But though Draper, with his Red Ribbon and his reputation as a public man, would gladly have played first fiddle in Minorca, the Governor was the last man to rest content with being a mere figure-head. His pride of birth, his skill in organization, his physical courage, his service of over forty years' standing, made up a personality that was not to be lightly interfered with. For the moment the danger of a collision passed away. In February, 1780, Rodney relieved

Minorca, and the Governor took leave to England.

On returning to his post he reported, in January, 1781, that everything was in perfect tranquillity. The corps of seamen raised by exchange of prisoners now numbered over five hundred, and the Governor had managed to get his garrison raised to nearly two thousand eight hundred men. It was not too much. The fortunes of England were at their lowest ebb. We were at war with France, Spain, Holland, and the revolted colonies, and were everywhere losing ground. It was clear to Murray that a siege, very different from the loose blockade he had baffled before, would soon be undertaken.

Late in the summer of 1781 the Duc de Crillon settled down in earnest to the siege of Fort St. Philip's. His army numbered nearly sixteen thousand men, and he had the command of the sea. But Murray's spirits rose high, and ran on nothing but sallies on shore and running the blockade at sea. In everything he was successful, and in October the Duc de Crillon was directed to offer him

forty thousand pounds to surrender the fortress; it was understood that this was to be only the first instalment of the bribe. Murray was superb. 'It consorted very little,' he said, 'with the honour of the ducal house of which Crillon was the head, that such an offer should be made; and it consorted not at all with the honour of the no less famous ducal house of which he (Murray) had the honour to be a cadet, that he should even consider such an offer except to rebuke it.' The Duc de Crillon was heartily glad to be quit of his disagreeable commission, and the siege of the famous fortress was continued with great vigour.

'The garrison seems to like this amusement better than a dull blockade,' wrote the Governor early in November. His chief anxiety was lest he should be starved out. 'Provision us for two years,' he wrote to Sir Horace Mann at Florence, in magnificent disdain of the fleet which was supposed to be blockading him. 'Send us supplies,' he wrote to Hillsborough, the Secretary of State; 'we'll get them, I fear not.'

The prisoners he had taken in his numerous sorties became, in time, an embarrassment ; so he sent them away to Gibraltar, reporting the incident as if there had been no such thing as a French fleet in the way. The blockade was pluckily run over and over again, and in the meantime Crillon's army began to suffer from cold and the wintry gales. Three thousand men were down with sickness by the beginning of December ; the siege had lasted four months, and no progress worth mentioning had been made.

It is melancholy that there should be a blot on such a piece of work as the great defence of Minorca ; but there was one man, and apparently one man only, in the garrison in whom the Governor's brilliant achievements aroused no answering enthusiasm—that man was the Lieutenant-Governor. It was, no doubt, a trial to so capable an officer to find himself an unconsidered second in the command. That he was only second was his misfortune, but that he was unconsidered was probably his own fault ; and that he slighted Murray's authority was an offence.

In the British Army there have never been wanting men of at least Draper's capacity who, in great crises, have not only taken the second place cheerfully, but have patriotically sought it. Draper was called upon to do nothing more heroic than to take orders from his proper superior. Even if Murray was over-masterful, he was most undoubtedly the master. But Draper could bear the situation no longer. There came a time when, in his opinion, enough had been done, and when the Governor meant to do a good deal more; and Draper, who could never forget Manila and his Red Ribbon, disobeyed orders. He was promptly deprived of his post, and placed under arrest.

But by this time the garrison had been living for nearly six weeks under the scourge of scurvy. The disease spread daily, and was destined at last to effect what neither bribes, nor bombardments, nor the factious conceit of the Lieutenant-Governor had been able to compass. But still Murray fought on. At last, by the end of January, 1782, the men were dying on guard. Six hundred and sixty

men were all that remained alive, and of these five hundred and sixty were tainted with scurvy. The surgeon reported that in four days' time there would not be a man out of hospital. The enemy still numbered fourteen thousand, and when the broken-down little band of heroes marched through the long lines of their conquerors, the Duc de Crillon burst into tears at the sight. The kindness of the French could not be exceeded ; everything was done that an honourable foe could devise to soften their misfortune. The loss of Minorca was a heavy blow to England, although the magnificent defence, lasting one hundred and seventy days, ought to have been some consolation.

Sir William Draper brought Murray before a court-martial, a court-martial by which the Governor was honourably acquitted. Draper was deservedly rebuked for his unpatriotic conduct ; but Murray (as he bitterly complained) was left unrewarded, although Blakeney, for a much less distinguished performance, had been granted a peerage and the high distinction of the K.B.

So ended the second English occupation of Minorca.

The third English occupation of Minorca was planned in the summer of 1798. St. Vincent was consulted as to the General to be employed, and at once named Sir Charles Stuart for these two reasons: 'No man can manage Frenchmen so well as him, and the British will go to hell for him.' Men with this twofold qualification were not so common in those days, and Stuart was approached on the subject. He put his finger on the weak points of Minorca without hesitation. The first was that nothing would ever be made out of the civilian population, who were intrinsically worthless, and had indulged in an 'uninterrupted series of wrangling and disagreement' from the beginning. The second drawback was that, with the exception of wine, the island afforded no certain supplies of any kind. The third objection was that, though the fortress was strong, it was very critically situated. In spite of which plain speaking an expedition was fitted out and entrusted to Stuart, who made his way to

Port Mahon, having kept his destination a profound secret. The General did his work well, and the island capitulated to the English for the third and last time on November 15, 1798.

The news reached England on December 13, and was very well received. It was generally felt that we ought to have a second post in the Mediterranean to support Gibraltar. Tangier had ceased to be English for more than a century ; and it was only a year since we had (in rather humiliating circumstances) evacuated Corsica after an occupation lasting three years, and during which the island had, with some pomp, been formally added to the dominions of the British Crown.

England had always been proud of possessing Minorca, and had felt its loss very keenly in 1756 and 1782. It was a further source of gratification that the suddenness and skill with which Stuart attacked the island had enabled him to complete his conquest without losing a man. The Star and Ribbon of the Bath were immediately conferred upon him, and forwarded to Lord

St. Vincent with instructions to invest Stuart in as public and splendid a manner as possible.

The Bath was the highest distinction to which an ordinary Englishman could at that time aspire. Above it there was nothing but the Garter, reserved by tradition for peers ; below it was nothing, for the Imperial Orders had not then been created. But Stuart proved to be a very obstinate case of *nolo episcopari*. When he was informed of his new dignity, he wrote : ' Knowing as I do, and avowing as I always shall, the fortunate circumstances to which the reduction of this island is justly to be attributed, I most heartily wish that His Majesty in his goodness had not laid his royal commands upon me to wear a distinction as painful as it is unmerited.'

The course of duty prevented St. Vincent from investing Stuart, and the latter landed at Portsmouth with the insignia in his possession. He immediately returned them to Dundas, stating that the decoration would only prove an embarrassment to him, and a hindrance in his future career. This was

pushing diffidence to the verge of discourtesy. The King insisted, and for the two years of life which remained to Stuart he continued to bear the double distinction of the Red Ribbon and Governor of Minorca resident in England.

In one respect things had changed a good deal since Port Mahon was captured by Stanhope in 1708. Prices had risen, and the large garrison—over five thousand men—that we maintained during our last occupation made living very expensive. Sir James Erskine spent the whole of his pay and allowances as Major-General, together with two pounds a day as Commandant, and nine hundred pounds in addition between May and December, 1799. The salary of Lieutenant-Governor was therefore fixed at fifteen hundred pounds a year, and that of Resident Governor at three thousand pounds, or fifteen hundred pounds when in England. These sums are as nearly as possible the double of the amounts paid to former Governors and Lieutenant-Governors.

In other respects, Minorca was the same

as before. Sir Charles Stuart, on assuming the government, drew up a very statesman-like memorial on the condition of his charge. It might have been drafted by the Duke of Argyll and Greenwich in 1713. The old difficulties were all to the fore, and in much the same state, with the exception of the municipalities which, from being merely embarrassed, had now become absolutely bankrupt, owing to the expenses attendant on the intrigues against England, which they had carried on in Spain and through the Agent for Minorca in London. The accounts were all in the most hopeless confusion, and the municipalities as obstinately opposed to reform as ever.

The years of our last occupation of Minorca were stirring times in the Mediterranean. The Battle of the Nile had been fought in the summer of 1798; Napoleon's Italian campaign, the Battle of Alexandria, and Saumarez' midnight action off Cadiz, followed each other in quick succession. In 1800 Malta surrendered to the English after a blockade lasting two years, and has ever

since remained in our hands. From the first Nelson had perceived the strength and importance of this place. The equal in these respects of Port Mahon, it had the additional advantage of being so placed that its possession by us gave less umbrage to neighbouring Powers than the possession of Minorca. On June 16, 1802, under the provisions of the Peace of Amiens, we handed over Minorca to Spain, and finally evacuated the fortress we had so long held and thrice defended.

The record of places in the Mediterranean garrisoned by England in the course of the last two hundred years, therefore, runs as follows :

- 1661—1684 ... Tangier.
- 1684—1704 ... No base.
- 1704—1713 ... Gibraltar.
- 1713—1756 ... Minorca and Gibraltar.
- 1756—1763 ... Gibraltar.
- 1763—1782 ... Minorca and Gibraltar.
- 1782—1794 ... Gibraltar.
- 1794—1797 ... Corsica and Gibraltar.
- 1798—1800 ... Minorca and Gibraltar.
- 1800—1802 ... Malta, Minorca, and Gibraltar.
- 1802—1811 ... Malta and Gibraltar.

- 1811—1814 ... Sicily, Malta, and Gibraltar.
- 1815—1863 ... The Ionian Islands, Malta, and
Gibraltar.
- 1863—1879 ... Malta and Gibraltar.
- 1879—1882 ... Cyprus, Malta, and Gibraltar.
- 1882—1895 ... Alexandria, Cyprus, Malta, and
Gibraltar.

CHAPTER V.

CUBA.

THE stately fleet that swept across the Atlantic from Falmouth to the West Indies, in the early spring of 1762, was afterwards dubbed by the enemies of the expedition a family job of the Keppels. Perhaps none of the great families of England could better afford to laugh at the sneer. George, third Earl of Albemarle, commanded in chief, and his two brothers held commands under him. No doubt the expedition greatly enriched them ; but it is equally beyond a doubt that no men could have worked harder for a fortune, or could have deserved it better. Two of the three brothers left their health behind them when we finally turned our backs on the rich prize that the fleet was bound for ;

and so great was their efficiency and popularity that one, at least, of them has even attained a sort of immortality.

England to this day is sprinkled with 'Keppel's Heads' and 'Admiral Keppels,' although few of us, perhaps, remember that the original of these signboards was the man who was a midddy with Anson in his voyage round the world, and who in his time did great deeds for England, of which the most conspicuous was the conquest of Cuba.

For this was the errand on which the fleet was bound when it sailed from Falmouth. In those days everything went well for England, and, after a very fine passage, the fleet reached Barbados on April 20, and were met by the news of the fall of Martinique. We had, in a measure, counted on this success, for the great Pitt had made success the fashion with the services. From Barbados the fleet sailed to Port Royal, where it anchored on April 25, and picked up the troops that had been occupied in the reduction of Martinique.

A rendezvous had been fixed off Cape

Nicholas, at the extreme north-west point of Hispaniola, so that the difficult navigation of the Bahama Straits was not concluded until early in June. But by May 23 all the troops destined for the operations in Cuba had been collected, and were returned by the Commander-in-Chief at eleven thousand rank and file. This was the strength of the army borne by the fleet that cast anchor before Havana on June 6, 1762. It was disembarked at daybreak on the 7th, and the siege of Havana was at once commenced.

On the one hand, our army was strong, though not so strong as the garrison. It was ably led, and the operations were directed by a highly distinguished engineer, Colonel Patrick Mackellar, who was fresh from the siege of Martinique. On the other hand, Havana was reputed an impregnable fortress, and we had a terrible enemy in the climate.* It was, perhaps, unavoidable that our troops should have begun operations at this time of the year.

* Admiral Vernon's attempt upon it some twenty years earlier added also to the formidable reputation of Havana.

War against Spain had been declared on December 31, 1761, and the Cuba expedition had been fitted out with most commendable promptitude. But the war had been long impending; and if Pitt had remained at the head of affairs, it is more than likely that the declaration would have been precipitated. In that event the Cuban expedition would have started at the proper time of the year, and we should have avoided most terrible losses. But the great War Minister had resigned on October 5, 1761, and the feeble Cabinet that took his place, although it perforce adopted his plans when war broke out, permitted Spain to choose her own time for declaring war. The tremendous task of besieging Havana had, therefore, to be undertaken in the very worst season of the year.

After the fall of the place, Albemarle wrote to the Secretary of State: 'We are now better acquainted with the climate than we were when the present expedition was undertaken, and it is certain that the only season in the year for troops to act in is from the beginning of November to the latter end of March.'

Instead of this we landed in June, and worked through June, July, and August. Small wonder that, if we took Havana, we lost half our army by the climate.

The Morro Fort was the chief point of resistance ; it guarded the entrance to the harbour of Havana, and the guns of the garrison were supported by the fire of eleven Spanish men-of-war at anchor there. Six of these carried seventy guns each, four were sixty-gun ships, and one was a ninety-four. Sir George Pocock, with twelve sail of the line, was told off to deal with the fleet, and to draw off the fire of the forts from the land side ; Keppel, with seven sail, covered the landing.

Mackellar took three weeks to get his siege-guns in position, during which time Colonel Carleton completed the investment of the Morro Fort from the land side. On July 1 the attack was commenced in earnest. The ships, under the combined fire of the anchored Spanish fleet and the seaward guns of the forts, were severely handled, and on the land side the woodwork of our principal

battery was set ablaze by the enemy's fire. The fierce heat greatly favoured the defence, and the principal battery having been several times repaired and set on fire, it was at last abandoned and turned into musket-pits.

But if we received heavy blows we gave back blows still heavier, and by July 15 the Spanish fire was well got under. A week later a sortie in force was repulsed, and with the capture by assault of the Morro Fort, the defence virtually came to an end. Nevertheless, the articles of capitulation were not signed until August 12. We had won the splendid prize of Cuba—the richest and finest tobacco-growing country in the world, and even the fearful price that we paid for our conquest cannot be called excessive.

When we entered Havana, we found the churches filled with three thousand Spanish sick and wounded. At the assault of the Morro seven hundred and six Spaniards were killed, wounded, and taken prisoners; so that, counting the men who fell in the skirmishes that preceded and the sorties that followed the investment, the Spanish loss

was not less than five thousand men. Our own was as heavy. By the fighting we had lost five hundred and sixty men only, but sickness had carried off four thousand seven hundred and eight, of which enormous number three thousand dropped between the capitulation and the middle of October. It was sound wisdom on Albemarle's part to send off a large proportion of the survivors to New York to recruit their health. Unfortunately, the bulk of them had been too hard hit to recover, and many sank in hospital after several relapses.

The net result was that Albemarle found himself greatly broken in health, and in command of an army of only two thousand men. His own estimate of the force necessary to hold Cuba was six thousand men,* so that with an enterprising enemy his position would have been one of extreme danger. But at the close of the Seven Years' War, if on the one hand England had spent and suffered much, France was absolutely pros-

* This contrasts curiously with Marshal Martinez Campos' requisition to-day for eighty thousand Spanish troops.

trate ; and Spain, who had very wantonly joined France in the last two years of the contest, was quite incapable of any aggressive movement, or even of protecting her own distant possessions, as the loss of Cuba and Manila very plainly showed.

It was, therefore, in a perfect security that added a good deal to his complacency that Albemarle reported the results of his expedition. These included the ships in the harbour (of which two had been sunk during the siege), and two others upon the stocks, a vast sum in specie and bullion, and enormous stores of tobacco. The future benefits that England would derive from the possession of Cuba were incalculably large. In the negotiations for the surrender of Havana, the Spanish Commander-in-Chief certainly did his best for his Sovereign. He demanded that all tobacco in store at the moment of capitulation should be handed over to Spain, that in the future the King should be allowed free trade with the island, even in time of war, with the right of building and maintaining within the island of Cuba warehouses for re-

ceiving, keeping, and curing tobacco, and that Havana should be declared a neutral port.

We may gather from these modest requests (which were not acceded to) some idea of the value attached by Spain to the possession of Cuba. It was, in fact (and still might be in any but Spanish hands), a mine of wealth. It surely did not require any wide range of imagination or any exceptional gifts of statesmanship to recognize that it was better to possess such a place than not to possess it, especially when five thousand brave men had died to make it English ground. The Seven Years' War was not in its inception a war with Spain. It was only when France and England had been at war for five years that Spain, judging England to be near the end of her tether, joined France against us. She was greatly deceived. In August, 1762, she lost Cuba, and later in the year Manila. There was not the smallest reason for restoring either of these valuable conquests. But the great Earl of Chatham was out of office, and though his policy had imposed itself at first on his successors, it

was as quickly as possible abandoned for a pusillanimous course, never paralleled until the surrender of the Transvaal. From the spirit in which the negotiations preceding the Treaty of Paris were conducted, one would say that England, if not actually the beaten party, must recently have suffered very severe humiliations. We almost implored our foes to make peace, and certainly paid money to influential people who could help us to despoil ourselves.

When England falls into these periodic fits of self-depreciation, her enemies have only to ask and they receive. Spain asked for Cuba, and it was surrendered. The Peace of Paris was voted by a large majority, and the only concession made under the treaty by Spain in return for the abandonment by England of Cuba was the evacuation of Florida, which added one more to the long roll of splendid benefits won by the arms of England for the American Colonies during the Seven Years' War. The behaviour of the Ministry with regard to Manila was even more reprehensible.

CHAPTER VI.

MANILA.

No exploit of our arms in the eighteenth century was more sagely planned or more dashinglly executed than the conquest of Manila. The attack came as a complete surprise to the Spaniards, although we had been at war for ten months before the British squadron appeared. As one result of this promptness, the loss of life experienced by our troops was trifling. Although the expedition was undertaken at an unhealthy time of the year, the death-roll contrasts most happily with the fearful havoc wrought in our ranks by the climate after the fall of Havana. The prize was of immense value. The mere ransom agreed upon to save the town from sack after the storming was four millions of

Spanish dollars, and the indirect benefits to England were (as in the case of Cuba) incalculably large. The fall of Manila practically expelled the Spaniards from the South Seas, so that from first to last we are at a loss which to wonder at most, the splendour of the military achievement, or the inconceivable levity of the Ministry conducting the Peace of Paris.

We had not the smallest reason to be merciful to Spain. She had entered the war for her own profit at the moment when she deemed us exhausted, and was most justly punished by the loss of both Cuba and Manila. It has been seen how we dealt with Cuba. Manila was given up without even troubling to ascertain that it had been conquered. When the terms of the surrender reached England, the ransom was applied for, but the Manila bills were repudiated by Spain, and England tamely acquiesced in the repudiation.

The hero of the expedition was General Draper. Destined for the Church, William Draper had been educated at Eton and

King's, and thus brought to the study of his profession an education quite unusual among officers of the army in those days. He wrote an excellent style. His writing was not only grammatical—in itself a thing unusual at that time—but clear and interesting, and he could even handle technical details without being pedantic or wearisome.

This exceptionally gifted officer was cruising in the China Seas on sick leave from Madras in 1761; and, like so many officers in the same situation since his time, he kept his eyes open during his travels. Two things were patent: firstly, that the Philippine group was of enormous commercial value; and, secondly, that it was quite undefended.

Relying on their great distance from Europe, the Spanish authorities in the South Seas had overlooked the extent to which their situation had been altered by the result of our war with France in India. Fortune had long swayed backwards and forward, but in 1760 had for a time settled decidedly against the French. When Draper reached London he pointed out the situation. There

were now no longer three great European Powers in the Pacific, but two only. France had neither settlements nor fortifications; there remained on the one hand England, armed and flushed with victory, and on the other hand Spain, wealthy, defenceless, and supine.

Draper laid his plans before the Secretary, and the Secretary laid them before the King. On December 31, 1761, war was formally declared against Spain, and three weeks later Draper was on his way to Portsmouth with secret instructions for the capture of Manila in his pocket.

‘Whereas we have found it necessary to declare war against Spain, and as nothing can tend so much to the effectually annoying and distressing our enemies as attempts on their colonies and settlements in different parts of the world——’ These are the pregnant opening lines of Draper’s instructions, and they embody (unconsciously perhaps) the whole Imperial policy of England.

The army under Draper’s command was not a large force, like that which Albemarle led against Cuba a few weeks later. It only

numbered two thousand three hundred men, including Sepoys. Admiral (afterwards Sir Samuel) Cornish was in command of the fleet; he was supported by Kempenfeldt, who was destined (twenty years later) to go down in the *Royal George*. They made the Straits of Malacca on August 19, 1762, just a week after the fall of Havana, and anchored in Manila Bay on September 23. It was evident that they were quite unexpected. A heavy surf impeded the landing and helped the Spaniards; but the fire from the fleet broke down all opposition. Troops were landed without loss of life, although a good deal of ammunition was spoilt, some arms were lost, and some boats smashed by the surf. The Spaniards retired into the town of Manila, and set fire to the suburbs.

On the 25th the rain came down in a deluge. It was the last storm of the rainy season before the cold weather, and camping was out of the question under the circumstances. 'Quite against the rules of war,' as he observed, Draper was compelled to push on and get his men under shelter. He left

the marines to guard the landing-place, and occupied two churches—the *Hérmita*, nine hundred yards from the town ; and the Church of St. Iago, within three hundred yards of the Spanish lines. The next day the latter post was cannonaded from a church about two hundred yards distant, and attacked by a force of four hundred Spaniards. We repelled the assault, and, following up our success, captured the church and one field-piece. From the last post we now commanded a view of the enemy's lines of defence. Though out of repair, they were very strong, and mounted many excellent guns.

An investment of the fortress was clearly out of the question. The roads to the open country must needs go unguarded for want of men to block them, and by their means the Commandant rapidly introduced ten thousand natives, whom Draper calls 'Indians,' to supplement his scanty garrison of eight hundred regular Spanish troops.

In the meantime, Draper worked hard to get his guns into position ; but they were

prevented from opening fire by torrents of rain. On October 1 and 2 a furious tempest broke over the harbour, and the Archbishop of Manila preached a stirring sermon in the Cathedral on our perilous situation, taking for his text the destruction of Sennacherib and his host. The squadron was for some hours in extreme danger, and one transport, the *Southsea Castle*, drifted ashore. But Draper found means to turn every accident to his advantage, and, opening guns from the stranded transport, he enfiladed the enemy's flank. Under cover of the roar of the tempest and the surf he even, in the night-time, pushed his works closer to the fortress.

On October 3, on the storm abating, we opened fire, and silenced twelve guns in a few hours, losing only two men, killed by the enemy's fire.

On the 4th there was, for the first time, some smart hand-to-hand fighting. The Indians, though armed with bows and lances only, flung themselves with desperate valour on our lines, and died by scores, biting the

bayonets like wild beasts. But their valour was ill supported. The defence was, in fact, directed by the Archbishop, who was a poor General. He confided too much in the force of his own eloquence and the anger of the winds and the waves. A separate attack by the Spanish regulars on one of the churches occupied by our men was ill concerted, and was not delivered until the Indian assault had been repulsed.

As it was, they gained at first a slight success. The Sepoys were driven out with a loss of forty killed and wounded ; but the Europeans stood their ground, and recovered the church. This repulse seems to have knocked the heart out of the defence. Many of the Indians deserted and made their way back to their villages, and the Spanish garrison was left but little time to concert new measures of resistance.

Two days later, the breach appearing practicable, an assault was planned, and was delivered at four o'clock in the morning of October 6. At the first rush of our men the Spaniards disappeared, giving rise to

the presumption that the defences had been mined. But it seems that they lacked either the courage or the foresight for this step, and, after a short conflict, the whole of the garrison, with its Commandant, the Marquis of Villa Medina, surrendered at discretion. About four hundred of the defenders had perished, of which number only one hundred were slain in battle ; the rest were drowned in trying to escape. Our loss throughout the operations was one hundred and fifty. 'To conciliate the affections of the natives, all the Indians who fell into our hands were dismissed in safety,' a politic step, which shows how good a Viceroy of the Philippines Sir William Draper would have made.

The Archbishop of Manila concluded the terms of the surrender. As the place had been taken by assault, there was not much room for bargaining, and the ransom of the town was fixed at the sum of four millions of Spanish dollars. Kempenfeldt was appointed to a small dependent governorship on the island, and, in accordance with the King's secret instructions, Draper handed over the

whole of his magnificent conquest to Mr. Dawson Drake, of the Honourable East India Company's service.

It is conceivable that, as the Company was not at that time the mighty authority it subsequently became, the directors may have been somewhat alarmed at having to assume the government of a place at such a distance from their base of operations. But it does not appear that the Government drew from our conquest even the lesser advantages that might have been expected by using Manila as a lever in the negotiations that were already then being hurried on. Manila, if captured, was to be restored—that was all the notice taken of this mine of wealth.

Draper might well be mortified ; but at any rate (he may have reflected) there remained the ransom, for the first instalment of which—four hundred and fifty thousand pounds—the Archbishop had given him bills on Madrid. They were never paid. The right to claim them was even disputed, and a disgraceful charge was made against Draper that he had sacked the town and then ex-

torted the bills from the Archbishop, who had signed them under compulsion.

True it is, as Draper bitterly observed, that bills given to save a town from sack are not exactly given of free will ; but to charge him with dishonourable conduct was an outrage. It is painful to think that the Ministry at the same time gave up Manila for nothing, did not even support their General in his rightful demands, and tamely allowed him to be slandered into the bargain.

The manner in which the Peace of Paris was concluded was a bad omen for the opening reign, and no part of the proceedings (not even the payments made to secure its final settlement) was so shameful as the surrender of Manila.

Cornish and Draper were, however, thanked for their services by the House of Commons : Cornish was made a Baronet, and Draper received the Order of the Bath.

Draper always had a just opinion of his own deserts, and after Manila he became a vain man with a gigantic grievance. He saw no other considerable service ; but in

1779 he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Minorca. For some incidents in the siege of Fort St. Philip he thought fit to bring the Governor to trial by court-martial, out of which proceedings he did not come very well. He died in 1781.

CHAPTER VII.

CORSICA.

THE Emperor Napoleon I. was for three years of his life a British subject, from 1794 to 1797, when King George III. of England was also King of Corsica. This addition to the British Crown was the work of a remarkable triumvirate, of whom Nelson was the fighter, Elliot the diplomatist, and Pasquale de Paoli the prompter, and in the end the betrayer. The project of conquest had for some time been in the air, but it was Paoli who at last persuaded the King and the Toulon Commission to risk an expedition. His motives for doing so were not exclusively patriotic, for at the time that he called in English aid he was himself in direst need, and to interpose a line of British bayonets

between himself and the guillotine was quite as much his object as to secure for his countrymen the benefit of trial by jury.

Pasquale de Paoli was born in 1726. He was the son of the Marquis Hyacinthe de Paoli, a gentleman whose turbulence went so far beyond the usual Corsican impatience of law that, besides maintaining a fierce vendetta all his life with the Marquis Matra, he set on foot a rebellion against the Genoese—who then ruled in Corsica—and succeeded in driving out their garrison. What to do next was not easy to settle, but Paoli ended by inviting a Bavarian Baron, of the name of Neuhoff, to be King of Corsica. The Baron, nothing loath, proclaimed himself as King Theodore. He tried to get over the difficulty of the rival factions among his subjects by appointing Paoli and his enemy, the Marquis Matra, twin Prime Ministers. But this did not quite suit Corsican ideas, and as the Baron had no money, and could not get himself recognized by the Powers, he found it as well to abdicate and leave his country to the mercy of the Genoese. They promptly re-

entered, and Paoli, with his son Pasquale, fled to Naples, where he died.

Pasquale grew up at the Court of Naples, where he studied men and manners, and learned all there was to learn at the University. But he never forgot Corsica, and in 1755 he sailed with a few friends for the land of his birth, and once more called the people to arms. He succeeded. He was a cleverer man than his father, more fervid and less quarrelsome ; and, besides, he knew what he wanted, and was wise enough to cut off the Matras, root and branch, before proceeding to more serious measures. Twin dictatorships were not to Pasquale's taste ; neither was he so weak as to call in a foreign King, as his father had done. The Matras having been piously exterminated and the Genoese driven out, Paoli made himself Dictator of Corsica, and remained so for fourteen years. At the end of this time Corsica changed hands, and the French sent in troops to restore order. Paoli had never had much of an army ; his navy was his great strength. He accordingly gave in

without a struggle, and sailed for Leghorn, where the English Consul received him with almost royal honours.

It would have been difficult to receive him in any other way. Though his invasion of Corsica was nothing more than a buccaneering raid, yet for fourteen years he had been a King in all but the name. His government, in a way, had been recognized by the great Powers, and he had undoubtedly used his power well. He had reduced the taxes; he had turned a motley band of smugglers and privateers into a nimble and obedient fleet, and he allowed nobody but himself to enjoy the luxury of a vendetta. At the same time he was wise enough not to excite envy by the assumption of a title, and remained plain Pasquale de Paoli. In private life his dress and habits were of the simplest; he held no Court, and appointed no officers of State. The Great Seal of Corsica was kept in a cupboard, and when it was wanted Paoli would send a little boy to fetch it. This pastoral simplicity, allied with so much real power, enchanted Boswell, who travelled in

Corsica about that time. 'I could have fancied myself in the land of Cincinnatus,' he wrote. And Boswell was not Paoli's only admirer. He pleased other and more discerning critics. Alfieri was struck with his resemblance to patriots of the classic type, and dedicated to him the tragedy of 'Timoleone.'

He came to London, and ten days after his arrival was presented to the King. The next day the Duke of Grafton, then Prime Minister, called on him at his lodgings in Old Bond Street. A pension of twelve hundred pounds a year was conferred on him, and he was elected a member of Dr. Johnson's club. Pensioned and fêted, the corsair subsided into the diner-out.

Twenty years rolled pleasantly by; but when the French Revolution broke out, Paoli astonished his friends by suddenly starting for Corsica. Upon a motion in the French National Assembly, seconded by Mirabeau, martial law was suspended in Corsica, and a Constitution granted. Paoli was elected to the National Assembly, and

took his seat, resolved, if possible, to play in Paris the part he had so long presented on the minor stage of Corsica. It was daring, but it was not well judged. He was now sixty-four, a man of another time, and it was not given to such as he to ride on the whirlwind of the French Revolution. His old-world notions of King and Church only made men impatient ; the stately periods and measured eloquence of his speeches produced no effect beside the mad harangues of men who might have been his grandchildren. His anger and alarm rose daily, and, as he was no coward, it soon became known that he was heartily disgusted with what he saw and heard. There could be but one result to this. In the summer of 1792 he fled for his life. He reached Corsica in safety. The French Government sent and demanded his head, but in doing this they overreached themselves. In Corsica Paoli was at home. He convened a general assembly of his countrymen, and placed himself in their hands.

The people answered once more to his

call. They rose as one man, even the priests bearing arms, drove the Republican troops from the open country, and shut them up in the three seaport towns of St. Fiorenzo, Bastia, and Calvi. Paoli was too sagacious to be blinded by a first success. He had not ruled Corsica for fourteen years without finding out what his countrymen could do and what they could not. They were good for a spurt—none better—or they could maintain a guerilla war. Corsica, like Spain, though easy to overrun, was hard to conquer. But regular warfare he knew to be beyond them ; they were too few and too impatient of discipline. He was trapped. There was yet time to save himself by flight ; but if he stood his ground, there was but one course open to him—he must find a powerful ally.

It was now November, 1793. A British fleet of fourteen sail was anchored in the Bay of Hyères, only a few hours' sail from Corsica, and officers and men were all thirsting for another fight with the French. There were two thousand regulars on board under the command of General O'Hara, afterwards

Governor of Gibraltar. The fleet was commanded by Lord Hood, and had been despatched to Toulon for the purpose of seizing the town and proclaiming Louis XVII.

After the capture of Toulon, Sir Gilbert Elliot, the civil member of the Toulon Commission, organized a sort of government in the name of Louis XVII. with so much success that Monsieur—afterwards Louis XVIII.—proposed to assume in state the title of Regent of France on the strength of it. Elliot did not at once assent, thinking it a little premature; but he managed to sustain his government, in spite of a besieging force of Republican troops, until Napoleon Buona-parté took charge of their batteries. The young gunner, then twenty-four years old, speedily drove out the English, capturing their General and roughly handling the fleet. Four thousand of the inhabitants fled from his vengeance and followed Elliot aboard.

As there was clearly nothing more to be done at Toulon, Hood now bethought himself of an invitation he had received in the preceding September. Pasquale de Paoli

had written him a letter imploring him to come and conquer Corsica for King George. He was glad to have it now ; it gave him one more chance of a fight. Though over seventy, he had all the ardour of forty-five, and he was chafing under his defeat. As for Nelson, who commanded the *Agamemnon*, a sixty-four, under him, he was overjoyed, and Elliot favoured the plan also, though not for the same reasons. He was not a fighter, but he had four thousand Frenchmen to feed, and they were costing one hundred and fifty pounds a day out of the scanty funds at his disposal.

O'Hara having been taken prisoner, the two remaining Commissioners therefore recommended Paoli's plan to the home authorities, and asked for instructions. The King was quite willing that Corsica should be conquered for him, but as for instructions, none could be given. Mr. Dundas thought that, under the circumstances, Sir Gilbert probably knew more about Corsica than he could tell him, and said so in effect, with many flattering expressions of the King's confidence in Elliot's discretion.

Sir Gilbert then sailed for Corsica, and found that Paoli, though an outlaw from France, and actually under sentence of death, was, for the moment, master of the island. He had been again voted Dictator, and formally empowered to pledge his countrymen in any way he chose. Never was a man more completely in possession of the hearts and minds of a whole people. An absence of twenty years had not diminished their adoration for him. He was still, literally, their idol. They kissed his portrait when they saw it, and even went on their knees for this act of devotion. To secure Paoli's support was, therefore, to secure the support of all Corsicans. But there was some danger in an ally so powerful; and when he proposed that Elliot should direct the forces of the Commission to erecting Corsica into an independent country under British protection, Elliot flatly declined. Such a course would merely mean that England was to conquer Corsica for Paoli's benefit.

The Dictator then disclaimed any personal ambition, and proposed that Corsica should

be added to the domains of the British Crown. Had this been his first suggestion, it is probable that Elliot would have accepted it unconditionally. But the few days' negotiations had aroused his suspicions, and he now demanded from Paoli the assurance that, once the conquest effected, Paoli would retire from political life altogether. This condition was afterwards much dwelt on by the meddling officers who did their best to ruin Elliot, as evidence of his overbearing nature. But the very events on which they founded their accusations proved that it was but an act of the simplest wisdom, the very least precaution that a wise negotiator could take in dealing with an ambitious and unscrupulous man.

Paoli hesitated. It was not true that he had no personal ambition ; in fact, he had no desire left except to gratify his ambition ; and if he kept the pledge Elliot required him to give, he must retire into private life, and it was not likely that at sixty-six he would have many more chances of distinction. On the other hand, if he declined to give it, he

stood between the disgrace of flight and the certainty of the guillotine, and the time for flight was fast slipping by. After all, it was only a pledge, so he gave it, and the British attack on Corsica was begun forthwith.

Corsica runs out to the north in a long, narrow neck only twelve miles across. On the west side of this neck is the port of St. Fiorenzo, said by Paoli to be the most important place in the island, on the possession of which the fate of Corsica would depend. On the east side, nearly opposite to St. Fiorenzo, and only twelve miles distant, was Bastia. Lord Hood took the post of honour, and attacked St. Fiorenzo; Nelson was sent round to lay siege to Bastia. The troops under General Dundas, and afterwards under General Abraham d'Aubant, took no part in the fighting.

In vain Hood, with something of a sailor's warmth, pointed out that they were part of the forces of the Commission, and ought to help in the fight. In vain Elliot, more suavely, wrote to the same effect, and appealed to the traditions of the British Army.

The Commandant thanked them for their polite attentions, rejoined that neither the Admiral nor the Civil Commissioner was, so far as he was aware, a professional conductor of sieges, and declined to 'entangle himself' in any operations whatever. He alone, he continued, was responsible for the troops under his command ; and he proceeded to ensure their safety by cantoning them around St. Fiorenzo, from which comfortable quarters neither he nor they stirred till after the fall of Bastia.

St. Fiorenzo fell first. On February 11 the garrison evacuated the lines, and marched unmolested past the British cantonments, across the land into Bastia.

Bastia was a strong place, and Nelson's fleet was weak. His ships were undermanned, and there were not enough of them. The tackle was rotten, the rations scanty and, as the army gave him no help, the only forces available to complete the blockade on the land side were the Corsicans. Afloat or ashore they were lukewarm allies, and gave many a helping hand to the French. More-

over the garrison, commanded by General Gentili, was strong. Against these heavy odds Nelson fought with a gaiety that was infectious.

‘If your lordship will please to send me a couple of gunboats, they would be very useful this fine weather in harassing the enemy,’ he wrote to Lord Hood. Then in his diary : ‘When I get them the inhabitants of Bastia sleep no more.’ To his wife he wrote : ‘My men behave splendidly. They are now (I may say it to you), what British sailors ought to be, perfectly invincible. I believe they mind shot no more than peas.’ Once the *Agamemnon* ran aground, and was got off, rather to Nelson’s disgust, without a fight. ‘I don’t think they are the men to have taken the *Agamemnon*,’ he wrote to his brother, ‘but they behaved shamefully in not trying.’

At one of the French outposts, Maginaggio, Gentili himself was in command. Nelson summoned the place, and received for reply : ‘Nous sommes républicains ; ce mot seul doit vous suffire. Ce n’est point au Maginaggio,

lieu sans défense, qu'il faut vous adresser. Si vous allez à St. Florent, Bastia ou Calvi vous trouverez des soldats français qui vous repondront selon vos désirs. Quant à la troupe que je commande, elle est prête à vous montrer qu'elle est compose de soldats français.' Upon receiving this defiance, delivered from beneath a cap of Liberty hoisted in the market-place, Nelson landed a party of bluejackets, and stormed the post, reserving for himself the pleasure of striking down, with his own hand, the cap of Liberty.

This little success had a very good effect on his wavering allies. They tightened the blockade, and in Bastia bread rose to three francs a loaf. Once already had Nelson's bombardment nearly brought about a capitulation, and on the night of May 12 his cruisers captured a small boat trying to run his blockade. Among the prisoners was the brother of the Commandant, who, however, before his capture dropped overboard the despatches with which he was charged. But the tide was unfriendly and floated them to Nelson the next morning. From them he

learned that Bastia was starving. Seven days later Gentili surrendered.

Early in June, eager to get at the next piece of fighting, Nelson sailed for Calvi. In this siege the navy was supported by the army, now commanded by Sir Charles Stuart, an officer who at any rate was fond of fighting. It was not too much help. The sun, which had been genial in February and fierce in June, was deadly in August. All round the town lay marshy land, and in one fortnight of the siege the English lost fifteen hundred men with fever. The work, too, was very heavy. 'By computation to this night,' wrote Nelson on July 13, 'we may be supposed to have dragged one twenty-six-pounder, with its ammunition and every requisite for making a battery, upwards of eighty miles, seventeen of which were up a very steep mountain.'

When the siege had already lasted a month, five out of six guns in the advanced battery were knocked to pieces in a night. Hood was prostrate with fatigue. Stuart was down with fever. Only Nelson's wiry

frame could bear up against the climate and the work. 'I am here a reed among the oaks,' he said. 'I have all the diseases there are, but there is not enough in my frame for them to fasten on.' On July 12 a cannon-shot drove some sand into his eye and blinded him. 'I got a slap in the face the other day,' he wrote, 'for which I owe the enemy one, and mean to repay them ere long.' He was soon out of their debt. Nelson, it is true, was the only officer left fit for duty on the side of the besiegers, but Nelson, even with one eye knocked out and racked with ague, replaced them all. After three armistices Calvi surrendered, and the garrison, with two guns, marched out with the honours of war. If the siege had lasted another fortnight, the French must have won; as it was, only four hundred men were left fit to march in.

Before the fighting was over, the civil arm had completed the annexation and proclaimed GEORGE, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, Ireland and Corsica, King.

After his bargain with Paoli at Murato,

Elliot travelled on to Corte, a village in the centre of the island, and, although containing no more than two thousand inhabitants, the capital of Corsica. The General Assembly was summoned, and met in June. Its first measure was to formally recite the iniquities of the French, and to declare the absolute and irrevocable separation of Corsica from France. The next step was to draft a Constitution. This work was allotted to a protégé of Paoli's, a young man of great talent, afterwards French Ambassador at St. James's, Count Carl Andrea Pozzo di Borgo. Born at Alala, near Ajaccio in 1764, he had grown up in the intimacy of a family of boys somewhat younger than himself—the Buonapartes. The ambition of every young Corsican of that time extended no further than to serve Paoli, and when the deliverer reappeared after an absence of twenty years and, passing over the two older Buonapartes, already young men, chose as his associate the soberer and maturer Pozzo di Borgo, Napoleon's wrath and jealousy knew no bounds. When Pozzo stood as municipal

councillor for Ajaccio, Napoleon stood against him. Pozzo was likely to win, for he spoke well, and Napoleon was always a poor orator. But these advantages weighed nothing against the younger man's impetuous resolve. Discarding the constitutional forms of an election, he cut short his rival's chances by having him pulled off the platform by his legs. Napoleon won the election, but he made of Pozzo a lifelong enemy. He himself soon tired of Corsican politics; he plotted to restore the sway of France, was detected, and fled for his life. He entered the army of the Republic, and left the parish politics of his native country to Pozzo di Borgo.

Pozzo, then, as Secretary to the General Assembly, drafted the Constitution of Corsica. It provided for an elective assembly, trial by jury and toleration of all creeds. It contained a civil and criminal code, and established the dynasty of George III. It contained some curious provisions, one being a fine of two hundred francs for a member of Parliament neglecting to attend the session when duly summoned; it also fixed the quorum for

Government business at the very high percentage of one-half of a House of two hundred members.*

The Constitution was read three times in the General Assembly, and passed on June 21, 1794. Paoli was hailed the father of his country, and a marble bust was voted to him. The Crown was offered to Elliot, who accepted it in the King's name, and the Assembly then broke up until the first election.

Under the Constitution, the King's power was to be exercised by a Viceroy resident in Corsica; and the question every Corsican was now asking himself and his neighbour was, who would the Viceroy be? Paoli was eager to get the appointment for himself, and was plotting to secure his nomination in direct breach of his pledged word to Elliot.

Although he had made several attempts to re-enter public life, he had hitherto been thwarted by Elliot's intimation that, if he persisted, the English troops should be at once withdrawn. There does not appear to

* *Costituzione del Regno di Corsica*, Tit. iv., Art. 2. .

be any excuse for Paoli's conduct. There was nothing in the pledge that Elliot exacted that was dishonourable, and it had been given as the consideration for help that saved Paoli from the necessity of choosing between a dishonourable flight and the guillotine. But his restless, grasping spirit could not endure that anyone but himself should wield power in the land where he had so long been supreme. In six months he had forgotten the straits from which he had been delivered, and was deep in the plot to overturn Elliot.

He had not a great following at first. The Corsicans, though not conspicuous among nations for steadfastness, were not as yet capable of such agile perfidy as their leader. But Paoli's influence was considerable, and when the General Assembly broke up, and Paoli went to the hills to take the waters, Elliot thought it as well to follow him.

They stayed together in the convent of Orezza. It was quite impossible to concert any plans with Paoli, whose ideas of business, even when he was honest, were loose and wandering ; but Elliot and he had many

long and outwardly friendly talks in the long, cool corridors of the convent, while the last shells were bursting in Calvi.

Corsica was further from London then than India is now, and the appointment of Viceroy was not a matter to be hurried, so Paoli's suspense lasted a long time. In October it was at last put an end to : Elliot was appointed.

The post of Viceroy of Corsica was a great one, being at that time the most considerable appointment in the British Empire after Ireland and Bengal, and the salary was fixed at eight thousand pounds a year. Elliot had recommended that it should be bestowed on some great English noble, the Duke of Northumberland being suggested. The only course that he had strenuously deprecated was the appointment of any Corsican, inas-much as, after the first term had expired, every Corsican gentleman who was not appointed in succession would consider himself personally affronted.

Paoli's services were, at the same time, recognized in the most flattering manner.

A pension of one thousand pounds a year was bestowed on him, and the King sent him his portrait, set in brilliants and hung on a gold chain, as a mark of his personal regard. This was the first time that George III. had shown so great a mark of his favour to any one not of Royal blood, and if anything could have soothed Paoli's wounded vanity, it should have been these great attentions. They were conveyed by the Viceroy himself, with that prompt courtesy and geniality from which not even the certain conviction of Paoli's treachery could persuade him to depart.

But Paoli was mad with jealousy and spite. He now threw off the mask completely. He retired to Rostino, his birthplace, a small town to the north of Bastia, and founded a Cave of Adullam there. He entered into correspondence with the French, so lately his bitterest enemies, and dubbed himself 'citoyen.'

The Viceroy of Corsica had his hands full. The island had only two hundred thousand inhabitants, and was surrounded by enemies. France, of course, was hostile ; Genoa claimed the island, and so did the Pope. The furious

hatred of the Barbary States, who were at that time all-powerful in the Mediterranean, nearly ruined the Corsican fisheries, and sometimes threatened to culminate in an invasion. This was on account of the national flag—a Moor's head on a silver field—and Elliot thought it politic to change the flag, and add a motto from Dante symbolic of the British alliance. But this was an unfortunate miscalculation. The Corsicans had no particular reverence for their national flag, and knew nothing of Dante, but they cordially detested their enemies. Their coral trade, which the Barbary corsairs half ruined, was certainly very lucrative; but they preferred that it should pay them less, and bring them the chance of a fight now and then. The change of the flag, therefore, produced an unfortunate effect of weakness. Moreover, it entirely failed in its object, for the British Treasury had to find forty thousand pounds as ransom for the Corsicans taken captive during the brief period of our rule.

A similar blunder was made when Parliament was summoned at Bastia instead of

Corte. Bastia was a large and important town, with fourteen thousand inhabitants, and was far more convenient than Corte; but the inconvenience of close quarters was not of the kind likely to be much felt by Corsican members of Parliament.

On the other hand, Corte was the ancient capital; and for the Corsicans, a pastoral and half-civilized people, impatient of change, that was everything.

The pretensions of Genoa to the sovereignty of Corsica might be considered as merged in those of France, for the Serene Republic was already occupied by the French. The Papal claims were more serious; not because they had more foundation, but because Elliot wanted Pius VI. to help in re-establishing the Corsican Church—a delicate task for an Anglican Viceroy. The claim seems to have been put forward chiefly with the object of opening diplomatic relations with St. James's. However, the difficulties were all surmounted, and the Primate of Corsica presided in the second Corsican Parliament.

In the meantime, the army and navy, after the great exertions they had gone through, were in an unpleasant state of depression. Of the army, only one thousand men were fit for duty, and Elliot congratulated himself that there were so many. But the fleet, which had taken the lion's share of the fighting, was even worse off. The crews were two thousand men short. They were positively using condemned sails and cordage, and the vessels were unfit to fight, or even to leave harbour. A naval engagement or a gale would have left Corsica defenceless. It was in vain that Elliot asked for more ships and men; he could get none, nor could he even get gunpowder, but had to procure it in dribblets from Leghorn or Naples, as best he could.

Perhaps, in their entire ignorance of Continental politics, the home authorities might be excused for thinking that Nelson and Moore, with fourteen sail of the line and one thousand regulars, were fit to cope with any army or navy likely to be sent against them. Such a force could not be thought

contemptible though certainly inadequate. At the same time, Elliot's errors of administration were not in themselves fatal, and could have been easily remedied. They were amiable mistakes of the kind often made by the English in like cases—giving the people improvements that we think they ought to want instead of those they really do want, or, still better, leaving them alone.

What ruined the English rule in Corsica was not the weakness of the army, not the faults of the administration, but the persistent malignity of Pasquale de Paoli. After having, in the most solemn manner, pledged his word to Elliot to support his administration, he no sooner learnt that he was not to be Viceroy than he sought our ruin by every means in his power, not stopping short of the foulest.

No man was too lowly for him to win, no man too lofty for his matchless powers of intrigue to corrupt. He promised every man his heart's desire could he but get back to power. Every corporal was to be a Colonel, every shepherd a Privy Councillor; but nothing could be done until Elliot was got

rid of. Every day, therefore, he sent forth a fresh crop of libels from Rostino. When Parliament was summoned to meet at Bastia, this was an insult to the noble old capital Corte. The King's portrait—through whose fault it never transpired—was lost on the journey. Forthwith Paoli proclaimed that the grasping Viceroy had pocketed it for the sake of the diamonds. No slander was too foul or too ridiculous for him to repeat, and his agents industriously whispered them in London; but there they only got laughed at for their pains. In Corsica, however, it was no laughing matter, as Elliot soon found. In six months the Adullamites numbered half the population; in a year Pozzo di Borgo could not venture forth unguarded, the King's writ could not run, and Acts of Parliament were publicly burned. The climax was reached in August, 1795. At Ajaccio the Viceroy gave a ball, the preparations for which were left in the hands of Simon Colonna, a young Corsican noble, and Aide-de-camp to the Viceroy. It passed off successfully, but a few days later a petition was

put into the Viceroy's hands, which, besides the usual seditious nonsense manufactured at Rostino by Paoli's own hands, contained the remarkable statement that 'the wicked Simon Colonna has had the audaciousness to lay his parricidal hands on the most respectable statue of the common Father of the Country.*

The Viceroy's camp was hardly safe from insult. The whole countryside rang with the news that Simon Colonna—some said Pozzo di Borgo, some even said the Viceroy himself—had publicly dashed Paoli's statue to the ground. As Elliot had recently, with great pomp and ceremony, unveiled the marble bust to Paoli that the General Assembly had voted him, he felt this to be a particularly unhandsome slander. He returned to Ajaccio, and proceeded to the ballroom, where, sure enough, there was a bust of Paoli, not, however, dashed to the ground, but on a pedestal, and showing no signs of violence. The microscope disclosed

* 'Lo scelerato Simone Colonna ha avuto l'ardire di porre le mani parricide nella rispettabilissima statua del commune Padre della Patria.'

no injuries to the bust, except a piece gone from the back of the head the size of a sixpenny-bit, and one, rather smaller, from the nose. It was true that Simon Colonna had put his hands on the bust; he had moved it from the ballroom, where it was not safe, to a room behind, where it was. All this the patient Viceroy detailed at great length to the Duke of Portland, and then he sat down to think.

It had come to this in twelve short months—that the peace of the nation hung on Paoli's words, and it was in his power to disturb it by such trifles. The Viceroy must needs spend his days in corresponding with the Minister over malicious absurdities that would not disturb a well-ordered nursery for five minutes. Elliot had borne much. He had endured the most cruel slanders on himself; he had endured to see his most trusty officers seduced, and even the army tampered with. As he sat down to write his resignation, Colonel Moore was actually staying at Rostino, a guest of the exulting Paoli. Elliot had laughed as long as it was possible, but

now that the whole country was convulsed with a silly falsehood, it was plain that a people capable of being so moved were not only false and riotous, they must also have lost all sense of humour.

Elliot therefore wrote and said that, under His Majesty's command, he would stay in Corsica until his successor was appointed, but he prayed to be delivered as soon as might be from 'this country of shabby politics.' However, if His Majesty approved of his work, Paoli must go, and so must Colonel Moore. Moore was the chief of the Paolist party among the English. An inquisitive and wrongheaded man, he had been foremost among the sneerers at Nelson and Hood. He carried Stuart over with him into Paoli's camp—so much so that the Commander-in-Chief was induced to dispute Elliot's right to appoint his own Aides-de-camp.

The letter written, Elliot let its contents be known, and, quitting his genial publicity, withdrew into a silent and haughty retirement. The effect was magical. All dis-

turbances subsided, the flow of seditious petitions stopped, the fountain of slander ran dry. The men who had betrayed Elliot to Paoli now betrayed Paoli to Elliot, and protested they had been well affected all along. One by one stragglers dropped off from Adullam. Even Paoli grew anxious, and redoubled his attentions to the French at Genoa.

For two months this state of things lasted. The Viceroy took no steps to put down the virtual insurrection of several villages, and, on their part, the malcontents and insurgents remained inactive. Late in September, the Duke of Portland's answer reached Corsica. After what had passed, it would have been painful, and perhaps hardly possible, for Elliot to meet Paoli. Frederick North, the Viceroy's right-hand man, therefore invited him to the inn of Porte Novo, a few miles from Rostino. They met at nine o'clock in the morning on October 5, and for six hours Paoli endeavoured to find out what was the purport of the despatch. He declaimed and gesticulated while he paced the inn, now tirading on liberty in general, and

now on Corsican politics in particular. The impassive North confined himself to such trenchant questions as how Paoli justified his attempt to seduce the British troops, or his orders to the villagers of Farniola not to allow a judge appointed by Elliot to enter their village. Otherwise he did not interrupt, except when Paoli referred to Elliot's Government as a nest of traitors, which was a surprising comment, coming as it did from a man outlawed for treason by France and notoriously a traitor to England. At three in the afternoon Paoli took his leave, convinced that Elliot was not empowered further than to invite him to return to England.

He was joined outside by his panic-stricken suite, who had passed the long hours breakfasting in an inner room. They had cause for alarm. As the old man rode slowly home under the olive-trees, they told him a story that filled him with consternation. They had been joined at breakfast by Colonel Moore. He, too, had been invited to England, but his invitation came in rougher terms than Paoli's. He was ordered to leave

in twenty-four hours, the materials for his court-martial to be collected by Elliot in his absence. This was a heavy blow to Paoli, and caused a sensation throughout the island. Moore had succeeded Sir Charles Stuart as the head of the English Paolist party (the new Commander-in-Chief, General Trigge, not having a turn for intrigue). If he was thus publicly disgraced, what measures might not Elliot be empowered to take against Paoli? As a matter of fact, Elliot was not empowered to take any, or to do more than invite him to go to England; but North had been mysterious and silent, and on the whole he thought it best not to let the day of grace pass by. His letter, accepting the King's invitation, reached the Viceroy just as he and North had written the orders to the troops to advance on the disturbed districts. These orders would now happily be unnecessary. In one of the Viceroy's own carriages, and attended by the Viceroy's Aide-de-camp, Pasquale de Paoli travelled to St. Fiorenzo, and embarked with full military honours. True to the last to his habits, he made a

speech from the plank joining boat and shore. He was going, he said, to lay the grievances of the Corsican people at the foot of the throne. Elliot would be removed, and he himself would return in the spring with Stuart, who had been so long working for Corsica in London. The last sentence was a pure fabrication. Stuart, though a good soldier, was narrow and prejudiced. He disliked Elliot, and showed his dislike unwisely ; but he was a gentleman, and not a spy.

Elliot wrote of Paoli : ' He is more regardless of truth than any man I ever met with. He seems totally incapable of truth, honour, or good sense, even in those actions which are useful.' Pasquale de Paoli was treated most indulgently. His pension was continued to him, and he lived a retired life till 1807. He was buried in St. Pancras Cemetery, whence his remains were removed to Corsica with some ceremony in the summer of 1889. A bust by Flaxman was erected to his memory in the south aisle of Westminster Abbey.

Moore, on the other hand, was refused his

travelling allowance, which amounted to one hundred and thirteen pounds ; but he was too good an officer to be spared long. Soon after his disgrace he was made Governor of Jamaica. He commanded a division in the Peninsula, and earned by the Battle of Corunna a fame second in most English ears to the Duke of Wellington's only. An elaborate monument representing his burial was erected to his memory by the south door of St. Paul's Cathedral.

In Corsica matters were improved by the removal of the two conspirators. Parliament met for the second and last time, and passed, among other useful measures, an Act abolishing trial by jury, with the following frank preamble : 'Considerando che l'istituzione del Giurato ha favorita fin' ora l'impunità dei Delitti.' The fable of the broken bust died a natural death, and though secret sedition was rife, the land was outwardly at peace with its rulers. If the Ministry had at this juncture realized the potential importance of this stronghold placed between France and Italy, the history of the next twenty years

might have been changed. A small army in the island, and a strong fleet under Nelson commanding the open sea, would have been formidable obstacles to the conquest of Italy. But it was not to be.

Elliot stood despairingly to his post, but on this expedition, while the civil arm was directed by a firm and sagacious statesman, and the fleet was commanded by sailors like Hood and Nelson, it was the fate of the army to be led first by Dundas, who would not fight ; then by D'Aubant, who would not fight ; then by Stuart, who fought well, it is true, but whose subsequent behaviour did the English cause a great deal of harm ; and finally by Trigge, who would not fight. In March, 1796, there were disturbances in the south of the island. The troops sent to deal with them were too few ; the insurrection spread, and when Trigge was ordered to suppress it he refused to march ; when urged, he resigned the command. A substitute was found in Colonel Villettes, who at Elliot's urgent summons hurried home from Venice, where he was on sick-leave. On

May 20 the Viceroy took the field and camped the first night at Vivario, fifteen miles out of Corte. With the first streak of dawn came a messenger bearing the news that hardly had the King's troops left the capital when the convent bell of Orezza rang to arms. All that day it rang, and all the night; the messenger had with difficulty found his way through the bands of insurgents, who were pouring down from the hills and had invested the capital. Villettes pushed on, keeping ahead of the news of the revolt, reduced the rebels at Bogognano, and then turned back to Corte. He relieved the blockade, and the rebels, seven or eight hundred strong, took up a position at Bistuglio. They demanded that all taxes should be repealed, and that Pozzo di Borgo and the other Ministers who remained faithful to the English should be dismissed. To accept such terms was to reduce the English rule to an absurdity. But to refuse them would only have brought about useless bloodshed; and as Elliot was now sure that the Ministry did not mean to support him, he accepted.

It was indeed high time for us to go if we did not mean to hold our own by force of arms. In July, 1796, the Duke of Portland wrote: 'In the present state of Europe there is not a possibility of adding a single man to the strength of your army;' and by the next mail the 100th Regiment, still eight hundred strong, was ordered from Corsica to Gibraltar, a measure which left the Viceroy almost defenceless. For a month past he had had to send his letters to England by Barcelona, the route by Ancona being closed by the French troops. Naples was the only port friendly to us in the Mediterranean. Spain was on the brink of declaring war—the Spanish and French fleets united would number forty sail to our fourteen—and Genoa fired on our flag. It must have been with a sense of relief from a hopeless and thankless task that Elliot received, late in September, his orders to evacuate Corsica. Within a month the English were gone. By a cruel irony of fate, it was Nelson who was directed to superintend the evacuation.

To the Corsicans who remained to the last

true to King George an asylum was offered either in Canada or the Bermudas, but the suggestion was not warmly received. For Pozzo di Borgo, whose private means were only thirty or forty pounds a year, and who had carried his life in his hands for years in our service, Elliot tried, unsuccessfully, to get a pension of three hundred pounds a year.

After many years passed in vain but ceaseless plotting against Napoleon, he at length struck the Emperor a blow which avenged him for the day when Napoleon had him pulled off the hustings by his legs. The defection of Bernadotte was solely the work of Pozzo di Borgo. He entered Paris with the allies, and was afterwards made French Ambassador at St. James's. He died at Paris in 1842.

Elliot was granted a peerage for his services. He died in 1814, and was buried in the north aisle of Westminster Abbey.

CHAPTER VIII.

BUENOS AYRES AND MONTEVIDEO.

WHEN the Duke of Wellington was staying at Deal Castle in 1806, he occupied his spare time by drawing up a plan for the conquest of Mexico.

Ten years before he had talked of retiring from the army in disgust ; but in 1806, though he certainly could not have foreseen the course of the next nine years, he was—and with good reason—more contented with his lot. He was at this time thirty-seven years of age ; he was already a Major-General and a K.B. He had fought Assaye and Argaum, and was admitted to be one of the most promising of our Generals.

To him it was that (with unwonted prescience) the Government turned for a scheme

for the conquest of Mexico, an enterprise which was only one of many similar schemes that had sprung up in the fertile brain of General Miranda. They were all duly confided to the younger Pitt ; but, transplanted to that chilly soil, the exotic schemes mostly withered away and died. They had for their object, one and all, the deliverance of the New World from the yoke of Spain. What is particularly interesting is that the American Minister in London was taken into council by the English Ministry, and undertook, in the name of his Government, to allow recruiting in the United States for the purpose of furthering Miranda's plans.

To wrest from Spain all her possessions in South and Central America was certainly a mighty scheme. It would have fired the brain of the great Earl of Chatham, but his son had no head for that kind of work. Nevertheless, the idea persisted, and after Pitt's death Sir Arthur Wellesley was sounded as to its feasibility. The plan that the young General drew up was in entire accordance with his character, and he only consented

to put his views in writing when he had talked over all conditions of climate and seasons with a man who was full of local information derived from his own residence in the country.

According to Sir Arthur Wellesley, the expeditionary force must be of sufficient strength to force its way unchallenged through the belt of unhealthy country round the coast, and gain the dry uplands immediately after landing. For this purpose he estimated that a force of eight thousand infantry would suffice, if supported with one thousand light cavalry and a suitable train of artillery. A second and smaller force of Sepoys, numbering two thousand, with one European regiment, if possible, was to co-operate from India, and invade Mexico from Panama.

Another point strongly insisted on by Sir Arthur was the necessity of arriving at the right time of the year. No doubt his emphatic language on this head was prompted by the frightful losses endured by our troops at the siege of Havana, where, ignoring all climatic conditions, we commenced operations at the

beginning of the season, when no prudent General would have suffered his troops to be exposed to the sun. The troops were to rendezvous at Jamaica, so as to make Vera Cruz in January, and have all the cold weather in which to operate.

In order to make perfectly sure of keeping to these times, the fleet was to sail from Falmouth, and not from the Downs, so as to avoid the possible danger of baffling winds in the Channel. When every precaution had been taken, the General went on, we must remember how completely all men of Spanish extraction were under the control of their priests; and we must look forward to little or no encouragement from the natives, who could, and would, only be taught to regard us as dangerous infidels.

It was a great dream, a great 'might have been': the superb military genius of the Duke of Wellington concentrated in the absorption of South America by England. But the Peninsula claimed him soon after, and the Englishman who took the lion's share in the work of driving Spain out of South America

was not Wellesley but Cochrane, Earl of Dundonald.

Nevertheless, the ceaseless prompting of Miranda, joined to the wilful genius of Sir Home Popham, ended in bringing about one attempt on South America—an attempt which, after a passing gleam of success, was destined to end in the most serious disaster suffered by our arms in this century until the retreat from Cabul.

In 1806 an army was fitted out for the conquest of Cape Colony from the French, which was completely successful. On this occasion Sir Home Popham was in supreme naval command. When the primary object of the expedition had been attained, Popham proposed to detach a small force and attack Buenos Ayres. The General, Sir David Baird, being—and feeling himself—quite secure at Cape Town from any possible attack, assented; and in April, 1806, the new expedition set sail. It picked up a small reinforcement at St. Helena, and made its way to Buenos Ayres in safety. It landed unopposed, and fought a small engagement.

The Viceroy fled, and Buenos Ayres was occupied by the British without further resistance. But, after a peaceful occupation of three weeks, the prosperous city of seventy thousand inhabitants began to feel a little ashamed of being held in subjection by a mere handful of foreign soldiers. They turned on the garrison, who were compelled, after some smart fighting, to surrender to a man.

Still, a good deal had been done. The enormous Government property captured, and still more enormous private property spared, showed what, even then, the wealth of the place was. Popham had certainly forced the hands of the Government by his dashing exploit, and had shown conclusively that the schemes so often put forward for capturing the Spanish possessions in South America were not mere schemes, nor even merely feasible : they were highly profitable enterprises of the kind most suited to our genius.

If any other man but Popham had done this, he would, no doubt, have been forgiven,

possibly thanked, and certainly entrusted with the conduct of the next expedition which was almost immediately equipped for the recovery of Buenos Ayres. But Popham was a man of a very peculiar type. Nelson was only recently dead, and Popham looked on himself as a second, if not a greater, Nelson. Possessed of all Nelson's assertiveness, with only a scintilla of Nelson's genius, and not a ray of that bright and happy manner that carried Nelson through so many difficult places, Popham had contrived to make himself an abomination to the Admiralty without arousing the smallest general sympathy for himself in the country.

He was an able officer, without any doubt ; but that has never been any particular distinction in the Royal Navy, where there were, and always will be, hundreds as good as Popham. But his own accounts of his own achievements are like no other literature penned by man. Whenever he did a piece of work, he congratulated the country on the substantial benefits that they would reap from his labours ; he congratulated the Ministry

on their acumen in selecting him for the job, and only just stopped short of congratulating the King himself on possessing as a subject such a wonderful person as Sir Home Popham.

When in fault or censured, he rent the welkin with his yells. Never was there such an ungrateful country, such a corrupt Ministry, such an incapable Admiralty. Never was so good an officer with so large a family so abominably treated. When in England and on leave, he bearded private secretaries, he buttonholed Cabinet Ministers, he bored even the great Pitt himself. He flooded the town with pamphlets about himself, with 'A Few Brief Remarks' and 'Concise Statement of Facts.' He took offence on the smallest provocation and was a pugnacious and remorseless correspondent.

It may be true that corporations have no souls; but it is very certain that they have nerves. After ten years of this sort of thing, the Admiralty had got Sir Home Popham on their nerves, and when they heard of the Buenos Ayres expedition they exploded.

Popham was brought to trial by court-martial for leaving his station without orders, and was severely reprimanded.

On the same day that the court-martial published its finding, the Commander-in-Chief signed General Whitelocke's commission as commander of the new expedition to La Plata, and also his commission as Civil Governor of the province, with a salary of four thousand pounds a year.

The expedition was a large one for England, and was fitted out with far-reaching arms. Four thousand men under Craufurd were to conquer Chili. Sir Samuel Auchmuty had already struck the first stroke in La Plata, having been sent forward with a small army for the conquest of Montevideo, which place he held at the moment that Whitelocke sailed. These two armies were to co-operate with the latter General, who, with the reinforcements that he was now carrying with him, would undertake the reconquest of Buenos Ayres and La Plata with an army numbering over eleven thousand men.

Sir Samuel Auchmuty was a Bostonian who had stood by us in the War of the American Rebellion. He had served in India and at the Cape, and had been with Baird in his march through the desert in 1800. He was now fifty years of age, and a Brigadier ; he had been for three years a K.B., and had received the thanks of Parliament for the capture of Montevideo. He was destined to capture Java, and he died Commander-in-Chief in Ireland in 1822. Of the other chiefs we need only mention Craufurd and Beresford — Craufurd, who had already served under Suwaroff, and who proved himself, in the Peninsula, a brilliant leader of light troops, and who fell, and was buried, in the breach at Ciudad Rodrigo; and William Carr Beresford, afterwards Viscount Beresford, of whom the Duke of Wellington said that he was the only man who could feed an army.

With three such leaders, what could not eleven thousand British soldiers have done ?

The army landed, and seven days later it re-embarked, having lost half its numbers and surrendered Montevideo to the enemy.

The disaster was so complete, so crushing, and so humiliating; the utter rout and partial destruction, by a squabbling rabble of Spaniards, of eleven thousand British soldiers, serving under three highly distinguished Generals, is such an extraordinary event that it deserves, and even demands, that our attention should be patiently fixed on every miserable detail, and that, so far as in us lies, we should never forget the lessons we may learn from our defeat.

The climate, no doubt, had something to do with the disaster by rendering a protracted siege impossible. Our troops landed in the beginning of the rainy season, when it was difficult to move, and a very slight delay would have driven us back to our ships. But British soldiers have not yet learnt to look on circumstances as untoward when all that can be said against them is that they tend to force an early engagement with the enemy. By far the greatest proportion of the blame must be laid on the commander. The monumental imbecility of Whitelocke—which actually makes one regret Popham—

is best realized by comparing the troops that he commanded with the enemy he was directed to oppose.

At the first collision the Spanish Viceroy—the Marquis de Sobra Monte—had fled to Cordoba, at that time a town of about twenty thousand inhabitants. Though invested by his master with absolute authority, and endowed, as Viceroy, with the mighty income of forty thousand pounds a year, he had used neither power nor income graciously. He was a very unpopular man, and at his flight the Spanish flag was hauled down, and the supreme command was placed by the population of the capital in the hands of Santiago Liniers. Liniers seems to have been an honest man. He was at this time in his forty-eighth year, and had been entrusted by the King of Spain with the fortification of La Plata. To him it was that Beresford had surrendered. But his authority was from the first hard to maintain, and soon disappeared altogether.

On Sir Samuel Auchmuty capturing Montevideo, negotiations were entered into with

the Spaniards. The Viceroy was by this time a captive in the hands of his own troops. There were two parties in the capital—one in favour of Spain, the other, on the whole, in favour of the English, but only prevented from declaring themselves by the anxiety lest we should retire and leave them to the vengeance of Spain. With the latter party, on this occasion, the clergy were almost entirely in sympathy.

There was so little discipline in Liniers' army that Auchmuty's messenger feared that he would be assassinated. When at last he reached the General's presence, he found him in a room surrounded by a babbling mob of soldiers and civilians. His despatch was almost torn from his hands before he could deliver it. One junior officer drew his sword unrebuked on his superior in the General's presence. Men leaped on benches and read out the despatch from over the Commandant's shoulders. It was plain that, though Liniers might be honest, he was merely a helpless figure-head, and had not the slightest control over his troops. This was the only opposi-

tion that Whitelocke had to encounter. His own troops were well fed, paid up to date, and just fresh from a sea-voyage ; there ought to have been no doubt whatever as to the issue.

Still, Spaniards will fight well from behind walls, and street fighting is even a strong point with them. As if determined to avoid success, Whitelocke divided his army into several columns, and ordered them to march through the streets with unloaded weapons. They were to converge on a given rendezvous, a place which one of the columns never reached. After enduring frightful losses, it was compelled to surrender to avoid annihilation. The other columns were naturally very hard hit. But in spite of everything, Sir Samuel Auchmuty's command achieved a considerable success, took many guns and prisoners, forced its way through to the rendezvous, and was ready the next morning to complete the conquest of the town. From the favourable lodgment that he had effected, there was no doubt that the town could have been reduced to ashes in a very few hours

without any risk whatever to our surviving troops.

But Whitelocke seemed resolved on failure. Although he had made his attack at his leisure from the impregnable position of Montevideo, he had sent his troops into action so ill provided that many of them had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours before the fight began. Before that they had been hurried along, and had got nothing but meat and spirits. He had chosen the mode of fighting in which Spaniards excelled ; he had, as if to further ensure our defeat, sent his men through the streets with unloaded arms, and he had exasperated the inhabitants by his proclamations. Now that his fine army and his capable subordinates had wrested a victory in spite of the unparalleled blunders of their chief, there remained only one more step to take, and he took it. Victory being placed in his grasp, he declined to seize it. Small wonder if the remains of his splendid force chalked up on the street walls, 'General Whitelocke is a fool or a traitor, or both.'

There have been British commanders who have won great battles with small bodies of dispirited troops ; to Whitelocke belongs the unique distinction of having led a splendid army in the highest spirits against a contemptible foe, and of having achieved a mighty disaster. He had no call to be in command at all. There have been cases enough where the right man has been passed over, and an important command given to an incompetent General. But Buenos Ayres is a flagrant example of a habit which will probably not reappear in English history—at any rate for the present. At the time when Whitelocke was entrusted with the command of eleven thousand men and the civil government of La Plata, with pay to the amount of eight thousand pounds a year, there were in the United Kingdom, and ready for work, Lord Lake, Sir John Moore, and Sir Arthur Wellesley ; Sir David Baird was in command at the Cape, and there were on the spot at Montevideo, Auchmuty and Craufurd.

It is some scanty consolation that Whitelocke was tried by court-martial and dis-

missed the service. Liniers enjoyed for two troubled years the reputation of having fought and beaten a powerful British Army. At the end of that time he attained the usual reward of a South American patriot ; he was tried by a drumhead court-martial and shot.*

* The Duke of Wellington never liked Miranda's schemes for the conquest of Mexico, Venezuela, and other places. He had a rooted aversion to interfering with Governments, however bad they might be, with which people were satisfied. And though he drew up, when desired to do so, a plan for the invasion of Mexico, he did not hesitate to express extra-officially his dislike of the proposed expedition.

Nevertheless, England owes something to Miranda's memory, for it was on the recommendation of the 'Greaser' intriguer that the Duke first sent for, and employed, Thomas Picton,

CHAPTER IX.

JAVA.

THE island of Java was ruled by England for five years. In 1811 that magnificent dependency of Holland, which now owns a population of nineteen million souls, possessed a history full of interest for the antiquary, great commercial possibilities, and perhaps the worst colonial Government ever devised.

Its inhabitants, six million in number, were Mussulmans of a debased type, or aborigines whose gods and griffins were like realized nightmares. Its peasantry were ground down by degrading servitude to half a dozen masters, and were often the mere slaves of the Chinese who farmed the revenue, and who—too lazy to keep accounts, or finding the back of a slave a more permanent record than a sheet

of paper—would brand on the wretched cultivator's back the forty-seven per cent. of duty which his crop of rice had to bear in the passage from his fields to Batavia. The Government derived its revenue chiefly from the monopoly of rice and coffee. This process removed all stimulus to industry on the peasant's part, while it turned the Government into a shopkeeper, and made it dependent on the state of the market. As might have been expected, there came a time when both crops had accumulated to excess, and their possession was a burden to the Government rather than an advantage.

In the meanwhile, the Governor-General had met his troubles by a reckless issue of paper, while all spare cash was lavished on the military defences of the island. At the moment when one silver dollar was worth six and a half paper dollars, when the very stores of the army had been pawned, when the peasants were on the verge of revolt, and the native Sultans in a merely nominal dependence, the British power appeared.

In 1811, Java, partly Hindu, partly Malay,

and partly Mohammedan, though officered chiefly by Dutchmen, and soon to fall into British hands, was in fact French. On June 5, 1806, Napoleon raised his brother Louis to the throne of Holland, and Java was speedily fortified in the French interest. It was, then, against the power of the French Emperor that the Governor-General of India equipped his expedition. The fleet numbered ninety sail, and bore with it Lord Minto (the Governor-General) and—as his agent, and the man who was destined to the lieutenant-governorship of Java—Thomas Stamford Raffles.

Raffles was at this time in his thirtieth year. He was born at sea off Jamaica. He entered the service of the East India Company in 1796, and early distinguished himself by the ease with which he won the sympathies of Eastern races, and in particular of the Malays, whose character and language he soon learned. His book on the Malay nation, written when at Malacca on sick-leave in 1808, attracted the attention of the Governor-General, and his fortune was made.

The conquest of Java is set down to Lord Minto, who was made an Earl by the Prince Regent in honour of the event ; but it was Raffles who suggested the expedition, and pointed out the immense value to us of this island—the other India, as he called it. At this time, indeed, most people even in India itself were loath to believe that so large an expedition could be destined to the conquest of such an insignificant place, as they supposed Java to be. However, to convince the Governor-General was as much as was needed, and the troops which sailed showed that Lord Minto fully understood the situation, and the strength of the enemy. Four thousand British soldiers, with the same number of native infantry, three hundred cavalry, and some other troops, landed at Batavia on August 4, 1811.

While the fleet was on its way down the Straits of Malacca, Marshal Daendels, who had done so much for the army and the defences, had, to his great chagrin, been displaced in the Viceroyalty of Java by General Janssens, who now commanded the troops.

This soldier had an unfortunate record. It was he who had already surrendered the Cape of Good Hope to the English. The Emperor's parting charge, as he sent him to the command of Java, had been : ' Souvenez, Monsieur, qu'un général français ne se laisse pas prendre une seconde fois.' He gave battle on August 26 at Fort Cornelis, a strong position, strongly entrenched and defended by two hundred and eighty pieces of cannon. His army numbered about thirteen thousand men, and included a regiment of *voltigeurs*. He was totally defeated, losing five thousand men in killed and wounded, and as many more prisoners.

Colonel Gillespie led the victorious troops. His loss was about nine hundred ; but the action did him the greatest credit, both in plan and attack. General Janssens fled to Buitenzorg, whither he was pursued. On the eighteenth he had fled still further, and reached Samárang, a large port on the north side of Java. Here he capitulated to Sir Samuel Auchmuty, who was Commander-in-Chief of the army. A week before, Lord

Minto had issued his proclamation declaring the change of rule.

Raffles' new charge was an island lying nearly due east and west, with a coast-line of seven hundred miles, and an area of about thirty-six thousand square miles, or four times the size of Holland. It contained within its four seas as many inhabitants as the United States of America, and its dependent islands counted as many more. It had been French for five years, in which time the Batavians had conceived a hearty disgust for their military masters. Before 1806 it had been Dutch for two hundred years. During these two centuries Holland had managed the island exactly like a shop. Batavia was the shop-door, and all other ports were carefully closed. The Dutch did not even possess a map of Java, or any part of it. The interior was given up to growing coffee on lands of every imaginable kind, suitable and unsuitable.

Later, under French rule, the gardens of the Javanese, and even their graveyards, were given up to its cultivation. The wretched peasant, when not busy doing Government

work, was delivered over to the Regent of his province. The Regents, thirty in number, including two or three quasi-independent Princes, were relics of the Mohammedan rule of Java, which lasted from A.D. 1400 till the advent of the Dutch. Before A.D. 1400 was the golden age of Javan tradition—the time of a Hindu dynasty. The Regents, originally tax-collectors, had assumed the dignity, and really possessed much of the power, of feudal chiefs. The Dutch had made extensive use of them in their administration, and greatly increased their importance. In 1811 they were all in a state of barely disguised revolt.

The Lieutenant-Governor decided to leave the chiefs' discontent to smoulder, confident in his power to deal with it whenever it should burst into flame, and his first efforts were directed to the state of the peasantry and the revenue. Fortunately Raffles understood the Javanese. Without losing time in experiments, he could see his way to steady his finances and strengthen his Government through their support. Had they been mere

savages, like their neighbours in Borneo, he must have proceeded differently.

With rare insight into character, however, he saw at once that the true strength of his Government would lie in the willing support of the peasantry. Accordingly he determined to abolish all feudal dues, and do away with the oppression which practically reduced the Javanese to slavery.

So wretched was the cultivator's state that three Spanish dollars was held a sufficient sum to maintain him and his family for a whole year. The peasantry were sober and hard-working, and—like most peoples fallen from high civilization and resigned to their fate—greatly tolerant of oppression so long as life was left them ; they were, perhaps, even more so than any other conquered nation known to history. They numbered six millions in Java, and another six millions in the dependencies on the chief island. Between them and the Government there stood, of right, no one. By custom, however, the Regents intervened.

A weaker man might have been daunted

by the Regents' attitude, a more cautious man would have wasted much precious time in determining their rights; and, indeed, but for his Indian experience, Raffles might well have been deceived as to their position. But the Lieutenant-Governor was neither weak nor ignorant, and was possessed of a high courage. He waited only long enough to take a rapid survey of the situation, and to get the views of his seconds in command. At a stroke of his pen he then abolished the Regents. They were henceforth treated with respect, and permitted to retain and use all their titles. They were allowed large emoluments in consideration of the lucrative but oppressive dues of which they were now deprived. Those who consented to help the Administration by exercising police functions—for which their local influence and information well fitted them—were liberally paid for their work. From all share in the administration of revenue or justice they were absolutely excluded.

Their place was taken by the Residents. These were Englishmen, appointed by the

Lieutenant-Governor from the body of assistants lent him from the Indian services. Their business was to collect the revenue, adjust claims, settle disputes, and make themselves the friends and confidants of every peasant in trouble. A lucid code of rules was drawn up for their guidance by the Lieutenant-Governor himself. These established the condition of tenure now prevailing in Western India, where no authority intervenes between the Government and the owner of the soil.

Their happy results on the revenue fully justified Raffles' bold step, and their publication alone was enough to change the position of the people greatly for the better. In two regencies, those of Bantam and Preanger, in the west of the island, the old system was retained. Here the sway of the Regents, who had married with the children of the soil, was less oppressive than elsewhere. All classes spoke a different language from Javanese, and the land was chiefly given up to growing coffee, which species of cultivation was made very easy by a modified feudal system.

There was much trade in human flesh in Java. On some of the savage islands round, there were tribes who made expeditions to secure human victims for their feasts and sacrifices, and Raffles found it necessary to lay down the forty-second article of his code of revenue regulations as follows: 'The Residents are enjoined to be watchful that no free Javanese are taken or given in pawn, and that no money be ever advanced on the persons of such people on any pretence whatever.'

At the same time he abolished torture, which had hitherto prevailed as a mode of legal procedure.

While this work of reform was in progress, the Sultan of Jokjokarta took alarm. His country lay in the south of the island, he himself was the most violent and intriguing of all the native Princes, and was followed by an army of over one hundred thousand men, untrained, but savage and warlike, and entirely devoted to their leader.

Raffles was averse to a military demonstration so soon after he had taken the reins of

Government, and determined if possible to check the Sultan without having recourse to arms. He took a step which, in a less determined man, would have been of the most extreme rashness. He entered the Sultan's territory with his bodyguard, and announced that he had come to receive his allegiance. He proposed an audience. The Sultan accepted, and the interview took place in the great reception-hall of the Sultan's *kraton*. This was a large square building with sheer walls of masonry.

The great courtyard in the centre, partly open to the sky, showed at one end the Sultan's throne, and round it, and half filling the space, his crowd of undisciplined warriors. Four thousand men of the fiercest tribes of the East surrounded the chief in his tawdry, but not unimposing, pomp. The hall was half lighted by the fitful glare of torches, half by the dying day, as Raffles rode into the castle.

Unattended, save by half a dozen troopers, the Lieutenant-Governor reined in his horse, and awaited from the Sultan some sign of

his fealty. None was given. Raffles spoke first in Malay. He had come, he said, to receive the submission of a vassal who had forgotten his duty, not to treat with a rebel in arms. The Sultan replied that he was no vassal of a usurped Government, but an independent chief who meant to remain so. Raffles rejoined that the British could recognize no Power on the island that was not—as had always been the case in past times—the vassal of the rulers of Java, and warned the Sultan that, if it came to force of arms, the British were unconquered in the East, and would remain so. An angry murmur rose from the armed crowd round the throne, and some swords were drawn. But the Sultan, though with difficulty, held them in. If he thought of murder as a step to power, some impulse of craft or chivalry restrained him. It would be easy to kill this haughty man, but would he be any nearer his end? The other chiefs were not ready. He had himself, in fact, only moved to embarrass the Government, and was disconcerted at the sharp alternative thus

offered him of instant submission or war with the English. When he next spoke, it was to temporize, and Raffles felt the game was won. The Sultan repeated the oaths of fealty he had sworn to the French, apologized for the offences he had committed against the Dutch settlers, and promised to receive a Resident at his Court.

Raffles turned and rode slowly out of the courtyard. A glance behind him, as he passed into the night, showed a dusky mob of angry savages, furious but quelled, waving their scimitars in the torchlight, and calling angrily for blood. He reached his camp in safety, and continued the work he had barely interrupted by his daring exploit. Though he had failed to secure peace, his visit had been by no means fruitless. The Sultan was quelled for the moment by the Lieutenant-Governor's bearing, and the other chiefs were baffled for some time to come. But the storm must burst sooner or later, as Raffles very well knew, and the time for the rebellion was skillfully chosen by the Sultan and his fellow-conspirators.

Early in 1812 it had become necessary to send an expedition to Palembang, a place on Sumatra, to avenge the murder by its Sultan of all the Dutch residents there. Gillespie started in command of most of the forces in Java, and soon conducted to a close a campaign which Lord Minto afterwards pronounced to be 'very glorious.'

While the troops were fully occupied in this work, the Sultan of Jokjokarta rose in arms. He was supported by the open discontent of the Regents of Solo in the North, and the secret aid and sympathy of all the other Regents. The Regents of Bantam and Cheribon, districts to the east and west of Batavia, had only been hitherto kept down by the near presence of the capital and the victorious British troops. They now again broke out into mutinous murmurs. Raffles was at Samárang, and the only troops in the island were his escort and the Residency guard ; but the news of the rising had hardly reached him when he heard that Gillespie had landed at Batavia. The Commandant brought only his staff with him, but was a

host in himself. He had hurried on before his troops, and now joined Raffles at once.

On June 17, with every trooper they could raise, they were before the Sultan's lines. Their army numbered about twelve hundred, and so prompt had been their movements, that as yet only one army was in the field against them; but that numbered over ten thousand men. There was some skirmishing with the outposts, and then the main body of the Sultan's army came into collision with the British troops, and was driven into the *kraton*. This was a regular fortified position, about three miles in circumference, defended by a wide and deep ditch, a wall forty-five feet high, and garrisoned by eleven thousand men. It was very gallantly stormed on the morning of June 20, but Gillespie was dangerously wounded in the assault. Throughout the fighting our loss was sixty-five.

The rebellion was at an end, and terms of peace were dictated. 'For the first time,' wrote the Lieutenant-Governor to Lord Minto, June 25, 'the British power is paramount in Java.'

The Lieutenant-Governor, his military troubles over, now turned his attention to the currency. There was no gold in the island, and silver was rapidly disappearing. The metal coinage was represented by a few shapeless copper lumps, and the ordinary medium of exchange was paper. This had been guaranteed by Lord Minto at the rate of six and a half paper dollars for one silver dollar. Within a year, silver was twice as dear, and still rising. If prompt measures were not taken, buying and selling must soon cease altogether.

In casting about for some Government asset which he could turn into cash, the Lieutenant-Governor could find nothing marketable but the land. Had he power to sell any? The inquiries of his Land Commission had certainly shown that there was no authority between the Government and the soil, and in dealing with the Regents he had accepted and acted upon this conclusion. For Government to sell what it owned was only another step on, and a perfectly logical one. He therefore proposed to his Council

to redeem some of the paper with the proceeds of a sale of land. But the Dutch members of Council—Cranssen and Muntinghe—who had gone with him in his dealings with the Regents, shrank from this step as too bold and hasty, and Gillespie, the other member, was violently opposed to it.

In the end, and as no other plan could be devised, the Dutchmen were won over, but the Commander-in-Chief shut his ears to all reason. He assailed the Lieutenant-Governor in Council and out, publicly quarrelled with him, and conducted himself with such indecorum, that at one time Lord Minto feared it would be necessary to institute an inquiry into his conduct. However, the Commander-in-Chief in India interceded, for Gillespie was a daring and skilful commander. Sir William Nightingall was sent to Java, Gillespie being transferred to Bengal. Before leaving Batavia a reconciliation was effected, and the Lieutenant-Governor was left in Java in peace, as he thought, with all men.

When work did not call him elsewhere, the Lieutenant-Governor was always by choice

at Buitenzorg.* This house, the official residence of the Viceroys, roomy and light, after the fashion of large houses in the East, had long stood in the uplands of Java, encircled by trim gardens. Here Raffles loved to surround himself with society. In the abstract he had a low opinion of the Dutch, and he did not hesitate to extend his mistrust of their character to business relations. The Chinese, too, shared his cordial animosity. In abolishing the farms of taxes, he was delighted to be able to record that he had thus 'struck the deathblow to the pernicious influence which the Chinese had been permitted to acquire.'

His estimate of both nations is summed up in the following passage from his pen: 'The Chinese, in all ages equally supple, venal, and crafty, failed not at a very early period to recommend themselves to the equally crafty, venal, and speculating Hollanders.' Of the Malay he had a high opinion, and thus analyzes his character: 'Accustomed to wear arms from his infancy, to rely on his own prowess for safety, and to dread that of

* = Sans-Souci.

his associates, he is the most correctly polite of all savages, and not subject to those starts of passion so common to more civilized nations.'

But in spite of his aversion to business relations with the Dutch nation, and his strong and well-founded distrust of their politics, he loved the specimens with whom his work brought him into daily contact—Cranssen and Muntinghe, for example, the members of his Council.

Wherever he happened to be, his house was always full of Dutch merchants, English visitors, Malay chiefs, the officers of the army and navy, and anyone else who liked to come, to the number of many score. When not entertaining his friends or writing minutes, he spent his time in collecting materials for his history, and in studying the fauna and flora of Java. The Asiatic Society counted him among its most able and zealous members. Even in the midst of the stir and excitement of the expedition to Java in 1811, he had found time to hold a meeting of the society at Malacca as they sailed through the Straits.

In Java itself there had once been some intellectual life, as shown by the existence of a Society of Arts and Sciences, which was established on April 24, 1778, with the motto, 'The Public Utility.' It was dead by Raffles' time, but he formally re-established it on the thirty-fifth anniversary of its foundation. He also superintended the translation of the Bible into the Malay tongue.

By the end of 1813 he seemed to have completed his work. The revenue was reformed, and in all its branches yielding good results. Under Dutch rule the island had yielded yearly about forty-nine thousand pounds—hardly enough to pay the expenses. The French forced the revenue up to ninety thousand pounds; but they collected it on a vicious system, and by precarious means. Raffles' management increased the revenue to five hundred and thirty-six thousand pounds by means which relieved the peasantry, abolished vexatious dues, and determined responsibility, and this while maintaining an army of occupation at the cost of thirty thousand pounds a month, and

in spite of the loss of the American trade by war with England. After the suppression of the revolt of Jokjokarta the chiefs gave him no more trouble. The peasantry had always been devoted to him. The services worked with him like one man.

From this clear sky fell a thunderbolt.

In 1813 Lord Minto's term as Viceroy expired, and he left India late in the same year. In April, 1814, the Lieutenant-Governor was entertaining one of his usual large parties of guests at Buitenzorg. The officers of his staff were engaged in preparing some private theatricals. The Lieutenant-Governor was the centre of a busy crowd bent all day on pleasure or business, and himself the busiest of them all. He appeared to be free from anxiety or preoccupation of any kind, and not till long after the party had broken up was it known to any man that in the intervals of promoting his guests' amusements he had been writing his defence to a charge of corruption and maladministration in office. He was accused of selling Government lands when several

other courses would have answered equally well, and of marking out the best lots for himself, thus nefariously profiting at the public cost.

Gillespie was his accuser.

The Commander-in-Chief had returned to Bengal chafing with wounded vanity. He found a new Governor-General disposed to listen to him, and himself looked on as the hero of the expedition to Java. He allowed himself to use the most intemperate language, and was soon committed either to formulate a regular charge or to withdraw his words. He chose the former course, and drew up his accusations. They were no very formidable array, and at this distance of time the details possess little interest. One charge, however, may be cited as a fair specimen of the rest—the charge, viz., that Raffles might have employed the funds of the Orphan Chamber to buy up the depreciated paper instead of selling land. The Orphan Chamber had, indeed, at one time contained a large sum in silver. But it had been withdrawn by Marshal Daendels to pay for war

material, and replaced by paper. The step which Gillespie proposed amounted, therefore, to buying up paper with paper of the same value. This was the childish course which Gillespie had urged over and over again in Council, and which he held Raffles culpable for not adopting.

The charge that Raffles shared in the sales himself, thus nefariously profiting at the public expense, deserves notice because it was in part true. It was true that Raffles bought some land in the auction, but he did not do so nefariously, and he did not profit by the transaction ; he lost considerably. The facts were as follows : When the sale was announced, the party opposed to it industriously started the rumour that it was illegal. It was in vain pointed out that such sales had often been held before, and that Raffles only followed Dutch precedent. They replied—with reason, it must be allowed—that it was not as yet certain that Java would be retained by the English at all ; and even if it were retained, there was the chance that it would be retained as a

Crown colony, and in that case a Governor and Council would probably be sent out from England.

In only one event, then, out of three might the sale be expected to stand. This view gained ground, and the Lieutenant-Governor saw that his plan would soon be fatally blown upon. In this extremity a chance presented itself for retrieving the market. The former Viceroy of Java—a Mr. Engelhard—settled in the country, proposed to Muntinghe, one of the Council, that they should share the purchase of a lot together. Muntinghe examined the proposal and declined it, seeing no chance of profit in it. Engelhard then proposed the same transaction to the Lieutenant-Governor. He accepted it without hesitation, and the sale went forward as announced. Lord Minto pronounced the sale to be ‘an able expedient in a moment of great emergency.’ As soon as the Lieutenant-Governor heard of Gillespie’s charge, he resold the lot at cost price, and challenged investigation.

It is well to note, viewing the charge

made, firstly, that the sale was made in open day in the Stadthaus of Batavia; and secondly, that there was no profit to be made in it, as a shrewd business man had already declined it on that very ground.

It is also well to note that Raffles' partner was a former Viceroy, a man of dignity and repute. All this was doubtless weighed by the Court of Directors, who in their resolution on General Gillespie's charges gave an unqualified testimony to Raffles' uprightness. But the reader, with the views of to-day, is most struck by the extreme impropriety of the whole transaction, which honesty of intention does little to excuse. Although Raffles was protected by the difficulties of the situation, and his own patent disinterestedness and great services, yet his excess of zeal brought down on him a certain amount of censure, which was perhaps more implied than expressed.

He had no difficulty in showing the absurdity of the other accusations, and he speedily did so to the satisfaction of the Court of Directors.

For the time, however, Lord Moira, who had succeeded Lord Minto as Viceroy, was so prejudiced against Raffles that he forbade the latter to come to Calcutta.

In the Goorkha war of the same year Gillespie was shot through the heart, at the head of his troops, in leading the second attack on Kálanga Fort. His military talents were great, and after his death Parliament erected to his memory the statue by the south door of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Between Gillespie's charges and the surrender of Java to the Dutch, Raffles suffered two heavy personal losses, in the death of Lord Minto and the death of his wife. He found relief and distraction in the unfailing panacea of English exiles in the East—work. He spent his days on horseback or at his desk, working always with an energy that nothing could destroy, neither misfortune nor misunderstandings nor the ill-health engendered of twenty years' residence in the tropics. He laboured to interest influential men in England in the fate of Java ; he strove to open up a trade with Japan ; he tried hard

to abolish slavery. He knew the island better than his assistants, and often rode sixty or seventy miles a day. He once travelled from Samárang to Batavia, and back, merely to be present at a ball. Two years passed away thus, while he watched his measures take root and bear fruit.

On March 26, 1816, Raffles left Java. In five years he had built up a prosperous colony out of anarchy. He was spared the pain of seeing it restored to the Dutch, his successor being charged with the duty. In England the only man of weight who understood the value of Java was Lord Minto, and he died soon after his term as Viceroy was over. There was thus no one left to enlighten the Egyptian darkness which shrouded the question, and the Court of Directors, if truth be told, would not even read Raffles' despatches from Java. Doubtless, too, the Cape of Good Hope, which we had also conquered from Louis Buonaparte, seemed the more important place at that time. It was on the route to India, and the Suez Canal and the Canadian Pacific Railway were yet undreamt

of. So on August 13, 1814, Castlereagh signed away Java, and Henry Fagel left us the Cape of Good Hope and some other places. There seems no reason why we should have given up anything, since all were ours by conquest from the Buonapartes ; but the Dutch were pressing, and a statesman who was rearranging the map of Europe could not be expected to disoblige a Plenipotentiary for the sake of an island somewhere in the Pacific. Still, one may be pardoned for reflecting on what might have been if we had kept the 'Other India,' as Raffles called it.

On his return to England the late Lieutenant-Governor was knighted. He also received the appointment of Lieutenant-Governor of Bencoolen, 'as a signal mark of the directors' approbation.' If it did not appear from Lord Minto's correspondence that Raffles much desired this last appointment, the directors' remark would assume the garb of a grim satire. For Bencoolen was a solitary, grassy plain, pestilential in Sumatra, a land of swamps, and the lieutenant-governorship a very small p.

after Java. But it was not in Raffles' nature to measure dignities or rate very highly the comforts of civilization, and he was quite contented with Bencoolen.

Here he laboured from 1818 to 1824. Once more the name of Raffles heralded the reign of progress, firm government, and consideration for all sorts and conditions of men. To him England owes the establishment of British influence in the Malay Archipelago, then extinct since the surrender of Java.

The Dutch hated and feared him, and rightly looked on his policy as a menace to their own power. In 1820 the Resident of Batavia refused admittance to Java to 'all persons who may any ways be supposed to be connected with Sir Stamford Raffles and his views.' In 1823 Baron van der Capellen, then Governor-General, declined to receive Raffles whose ship was then anchored in Batavia, or even to allow him to land. He could be forgiven. His administration was on their greedy shopkeeping as intolerable shade, and with such affronts their revenge taken. He

left Bencoolen on April 10, 1824, and returned to England. There remained yet one more work for him to carry out. There have been few more lasting contributions to the pleasure and instruction of England than the Gardens of the Zoological Society, which Raffles established in 1826, and of which he was first President.

He died on July 5 of the same year. His statue by Chantrey stands in the north aisle of Westminster Abbey, and bears the following epitaph :

TO THE MEMORY OF
SIR THOMAS STAMFORD RAFFLES, LL.D., F.R.S.,
LIEUT.-GOVERNOR OF JAVA AND
FIRST PRESIDENT TO ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON,
BORN 1781—DIED 1826.

Selected at an early age to conduct the government
Of the British conquests in the Indian Ocean,
By wisdom, vigour, and philanthropy
He raised Java to happiness and prosperity
Unknown under former Rulers.
After the surrender of that island to the Dutch,
And during his government in Sumatra,
He founded an emporium at Singapore,
Where, as establishing freedom of person as the right of the soil
And freedom of trade as the right of the port,
He secured to the British flag
The maritime superiority of the Eastern Seas.
Ardently attached to science,
He laboured successfully to add to the knowledge
And enrich the museums of his native land ;
Promoting the welfare of the people committed to his charge,
He sought the good of his country and the glory of God.

CHAPTER X.

THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

WHEN Napoleon I. seized Corfu, the chief of the Ionian Islands, he was preparing for a dash on India. This, the grandest of his many schemes, was also one of his earliest. To occupy Egypt, command the Red Sea, capture Bombay, join hands with 'Citizen Tippoo,' and drive the English out of India—such was the plan which he was revolving in his mind in 1797, and which he in part carried out in 1798. Thus much accomplished, he would return to Europe through Persia and the Euphrates Valley, take Russia in the rear, envelop Central Europe in a circle of war, and crown himself universal lord.

The fact that Corfu lay on the route to

India, and was destined by Napoleon to play a great part in his adventures, makes the struggle for its possession not only intelligible, but exciting. Without this key it is impossible to understand why he should have preferred to abandon Venice and all the rich provinces of North Italy to Austria, rather than give up Corfu. With this key, we see that, compared with what he was aiming at, the Venetian dominions on the mainland were a bagatelle, and it is not hard to understand what he meant when he wrote to the Directory that it would be better for France, if she had to choose between Corfu and all Italy, to keep the island. The reason he alleged was that the place would be of great advantage to French commerce. Now, Corfu had certainly once been known as the key of the Adriatic, but the stream of commerce had been long since diverted from Venice, and the Adriatic was but an empty box. There was no trade there worth securing at the expense of a fortress needing five hundred guns and a garrison of ten thousand men.

His arrangements for obtaining possession

of the island were as follows: They were first declared 'free' under French auspices. Gentili, a Corsican of some military talents, and a determined foe of England, was sent to command the 'protecting' force of French. With him was sent Napoleon's friend and admirer, Arnault, of the *Biographie Universelle*, to 'help him write his despatches,' and to report the state of public feeling in the islands. The state of public feeling was reported to be very satisfactory. The people were wild with joy, and in a most gratifying condition of democratic fervour. The hated emblem of Venice, which had dominated the fortress for four hundred years, was everywhere erased, and the triumphant crest of France took its place. Liveries and coats of arms were denounced, and persons suspected of aristocratic leanings were 'controlled' in the public interest.

Foremost among the supplicants for French protection had been the inhabitants of the island of Zante. When the first speeches, fireworks, and denunciations were over, when the novelty had worn off the proclamations

concerning the rights of man, and the 'anno primo della libertà ionia,' their dramatic instinct began to crave further satisfaction. Zante was not insensible to the justice of a contemporary criticism on Ionian liberty: 'E Corcira si dice indipendente! Sì, come lo sarebbe una fanciulla inerme in mezzo a armati e poderosi giganti.' How much greater would Ionia be as a part of great France than as an independent State! The petition of Zante for the absorption of the new State into the French Republic was therefore made, and graciously accepted, and the isles of the Adriatic were duly entered as new departments of the French Republic.

The annexation of the islands gave Napoleon a freer hand. Admiral Brueys, who was blown up on the *Orient* next year, was sent from Toulon to Corfu to recruit sailors among the Greeks who had so long manned the fleets of Venice. Chabot was appointed to take the military and Comeyras the civil command. The latter was cousin to the Comeyras who published, in the year 1798, a very luminous pamphlet on cutting a

canal through the Isthmus of Suez and penetrating to India. He prophesied that the cutting of the canal would inevitably be the ruin of England, 'et que Dieu en soit béni!' The sinister results to England to flow from the Egyptian expedition were endless. Conspicuous among them was the destruction of our Baltic trade, in which four hundred vessels were then yearly engaged. This was to be accomplished by giving Russia a free passage to the Mediterranean, and so drawing all the wealth of the Baltic trade to France. The cutting of the Isthmus of Suez, and the destruction of our settlements in the East, were in Buonaparte's orders from the Directory when he sailed for Egypt.

The English, on their side, were not idle. Four thousand fresh troops were promised to the Governor-General of India by a secret committee of the Court of Directors, and public subscriptions were opened in Calcutta to meet the public danger. Nelson was watching in the Mediterranean, but Admiral Brueys gave him the slip, and arrived off Egypt. On August 1, 1798, was fought the

Battle of the Nile, the French fleet was destroyed, and Nelson was the hero of the world. His first thought was to send a message to Bombay, overland, proud as an Englishman to be able to put the Settlements on their guard. 'Bombay, if they get there, I know is their first object,' Nelson wrote to the Governor of Bombay on August 9, 1798. Even Nelson himself did not then know how completely his victory had ruined Buona-parte's designs. He could, indeed, hear of no fleet capable of transporting a considerable body of troops to India, but so imminent did the danger seem that he judged it right to warn the Governor of Bombay, in the possible event of there being a fleet he had not heard of lying concealed somewhere along the coast of the Red Sea.

Foremost among the tributes he received was a present of ten thousand pounds from the East India Company, a very fair gauge of the danger they thought they had escaped. The perfidious little island of Zante, unwilling to lose an opportunity of distinguishing itself, presented him with a gold-headed cane.

Napoleon had not been without immediate designs on Central Europe ; fortunately, they were to be effected through a weapon that turned in his grasp. The view of Sir John Acton, then Prime Minister of Naples, was that disorder was to be stirred up in the Balkan Peninsula, and then turned northwards upon Poland and Hungary. Ali Pasha of Joannina was the destined instrument of this policy. He had corresponded with Napoleon, who addressed him as his 'most respectable friend.' The value of his friendship was tested when the news from Egypt reached Cephalonia, upon which he immediately seized the French possessions on the mainland of Greece. After the capture of Prevesa he compelled his surviving French prisoners to flay the corpses of their dead comrades, salt their skins, and carry them to Joannina in sacks. Such was Ali Pasha, 'l'illustre chef Albanais' of Alexandre Dumas, and Napoleon's 'most respectable' ally.

The Sultan was little pleased with the French proceedings in Egypt. He covered

Nelson with presents and distinctions, and followed up the Battle of the Nile with a declaration of war against France. He had a strange ally in the Czar, for all three powers had set their hearts on the Ionian Islands. It has already been seen how Napoleon had written of them to the Directory. On August 9, 1798, he wrote more distinctly : 'The Turkish Empire crumbles daily ; the possession of these islands will enable us to keep it up as long as possible, or to make the most for ourselves out of the situation.' The Porte was perfectly well aware of the facts, and Russia was no more blind to them than the Porte. A tinge of absurdity is lent to this extraordinary alliance by the proclamation to the Ionians which it put forward : 'My master and the Sublime Porte,' wrote Uschakoff, the Russian Admiral, 'equally inspired with Divine zeal, have come to free you from the infidel French.'

Under the protection of these two allies, the Septinsular Republic—a State which was to figure in Europe for sixty years—first saw the light. Turkey wished to create a princi-

pality out of the islands after the model of Wallachia, but the same weakness which had prevented her from seizing them for her own benefit allowed Russia to have her own way, and to grant to the Ionians such measure of representative government as was understood by the most despotic autocrat in the world, at the end of the last century. The solemn declaration of the independence of Ionia preceded a period of anarchy under Russian supervision, which lasted till Eylau and Friedland had been fought, and the islands were, under the Treaty of Tilsit, again handed over to France ; but this time to an Imperial France whose navy was destroyed, and whose Emperor was for ever cured of any ambition to command the sea. César Berthier was the first Governor - General. He was a brother of the Prince of Wagram, and was himself a soldier of some ability, but he had drunken too deeply of the wine of Revolution and Empire to keep his head in a position requiring much self-command. While all that his little charge needed from him was steady administration, Berthier pictured him-

self as a monarch. He called his secretaries his 'ministers,' and conducted himself as the soldier-king of a conquered country. His stern and unsuccessful government was short-lived ; he was recalled in January, 1808, and replaced by General Donzelot.

General Donzelot, whose long life included many years of distinguished colonial service, is best known to Englishmen as a military man and the commander of a division at Waterloo. His kindness, simplicity, and geniality, showed in pleasing contrast to César Berthier's roughness, and endeared him to the inhabitants of Corfu ; but his influence did not extend further than the capital, and the men who governed the other islands were incompetent persons who brought the French rule into discredit. His Commissary - General was a popular man. This was Matthew de Lesseps, brother of the famous traveller, and himself a diplomatist of mark, but whose name is more familiar to the men of our generation as borne by his son, Ferdinand de Lesseps.

Donzelot's government had scarcely estab-

lished itself when an English expedition appeared in the Adriatic. Among its leaders was Colonel (afterwards Sir) Hudson Lowe. His task was an easy one, for Donzelot had no ships. To attempt without ships the defence of the islands, which depended for a part at least of their supplies on the mainland, was to court defeat. The greater part of the French strength, numbering nearly twelve thousand men, was concentrated in Corfu; and in 1809 Lowe captured Cephalonia, after a slight resistance, and Zante. In 1810 he took Santa Maura. Of these three islands and Ithaca he was named Governor. When Napoleon abdicated, Corfu alone held out. Donzelot would listen to no negotiations, hoping to the last that France would retain the fortress and island as a set-off to Malta; but both were duly delivered over to the English by order of Louis XVIII. on June 23, 1814.

Thus for twenty years all the Great Powers of Europe had struggled to possess themselves of the Ionian Islands. Russia and Turkey, France—Republican, Royal, and Imperial—

and Great Britain, had ruled there in turn, while Austria and Naples had attempted unsuccessfully to win for themselves some part in their government. Many of the present ambitions of the nations of Europe, and some aspirations long since laid to sleep with the mighty dead, found in the possession of Corfu the first stepping-stone to their goal. Through Corfu, Napoleon had sought to conquer India, the Czar to break up Turkey, and Austria to make herself a naval Power. At the Great Peace the coveted instrument of so many balked ambitions was left in the hands of Great Britain.

Corfu, the chief island, is the same size as the Isle of Man. Zante is a little larger than the Isle of Wight. Ithaca and Paxo are about as large as Jersey and Guernsey respectively. Santa Maura has an area of one hundred and eighty square miles, and Cephalonia—the largest of all—of three hundred and forty-eight square miles. The six islands lie in a chain along the west coast of Greece, with Corfu at the north and Zante at the south. The seventh—Cerigo—lies to the

extreme south of Greece, as far from Zante as Zante is from Corfu. The rest of the little State was made up by a number of smaller islands, mostly mere fishing-rocks, which made no show in the accounts of the Government, but were found as time went on to be very convenient places of exile, and were used as such under the power of police which the British Lord High Commissioners retained to the last.

The population numbered about two hundred thousand, or not much less than it does at present. They were high-spirited, vain and ambitious, and mendacious above all the other races of the Levant. Naturally the vendetta flourished in so favourable a soil, and during the Russian occupation the murders in Zante averaged one a day. A long administration of the feudal system, under the corrupt and suspicious government of Venice, had kept the lower classes in a state of mediæval barbarism, while their trade had been systematically starved in the interests of Venice. At the same time no one could exceed the Ionian noble in personal charm.

Of simple, frugal habits and polished tastes, he excelled in all the arts of entertainment. He was graceful and dignified in manner, and gifted with a rare intellectual power. The history of the Ionian government, however, showed that his political capacity confined itself for the most part to writing and speaking, and was less apparent when the time came for work. He was attracted by whatever was striking or theatrical; the commonplace drudgery of life he avoided as unworthy his attention. His devotion to the Church was tempered by an indulgent conscience and an imperturbable temper.

The law courts were, as might have been expected, fields of battle to which were transferred those feudal disputes which could be there more conveniently or lucratively settled than in the open. Of litigation there was plenty, the Ionian intelligence taking readily to a pursuit which offered so much interesting work and so many exciting scenes. Justice was now and then done, but fortuitously.

The problem of devising for this little

dominion a successor to the six or seven governments it had enjoyed in the preceding twenty years was duly laid before the Congress of Vienna. In framing their regulations, the Congress had the assistance of Count John Capodistrias, at that time Secretary of State to the Czar Alexander, and the most distinguished Ionian of the century. His first suggestion was to erect the islands into a kingdom, the destined King being Eugène Beauharnais. The account of this proposal runs thus in the *Biographie Universelle*: Capodistrias 'avait espéré d'abord en former un royaume indépendant, à la tête duquel on aurait appelé le Prince Eugène de Beauharnais, à qui des ouvertures furent faites à ce sujet. Mais, par un noble sentiment, ce prince refusa tout avantage personnel dans le démembrement de l'empire français.' Unfortunately, this lofty view of the Prince's conduct is hardly historical. Eugène accepted the fact of the Emperor's ruin with perfect resignation. While at Vienna he used all his influence with the Czar Alexander and other potentates, and his own deserved popu-

larity, for the purpose of making the best bargain for himself, quite irrespective of any attachment to his stepfather's person or principles. The Congress of Vienna certainly treated him well. They offered him a domain with a becoming establishment in either Italy or Bavaria, or—as a *pis-aller*, as he himself put it—the Ionian Isles. He discussed the alternatives with his wife with great philosophy and in a most business-like manner. Italy and Germany were certainly pleasant, but they might lead to embarrassment, Italy especially. In Corfu, on the other hand, there would be some drawbacks ; but it was a fine country, and once there, they would be safe from the complications which he foresaw must arise in the future out of the Vienna negotiations. While they were hesitating, Napoleon escaped from Elba, and all Europe was in a flame. After Waterloo and the occupation of Paris the Powers were weary of the Buonapartes, and, while Eugène retained the affection of his powerful friends, it became quite clear that Europe would not tolerate another Buonaparte

kingdom for some time to come. The plan was never again brought forward, and Eugène ended his days peacefully at his father-in-law's Court in Bavaria as Duke of Leuchtenberg.

After some discussion it was then decided to create an independent State under the exclusive protection of Great Britain, who should exercise her authority through a Lord High Commissioner.

The present century has seen the rise of all the South American Republics, and the reconstruction of most European States on representative lines ; it has also seen representative government granted to the colonies of Great Britain. Except Russia and Turkey and the States of Asia, there is now no part of the world, not still plunged in barbarism, where a despotism, benevolent or otherwise, prevails. But seventy years ago it was different. With the exception of Switzerland there was only one Republic in the world, and that but a generation old, while among the States of Europe England was the only one really constitutionally governed. The

erection of the islands into a Republic was therefore an experiment, and, it must be owned, a very hazardous one. It was chiefly brought about by the influence of Count John Capodistrias. The treaty settling the form of government was signed by Metternich and the Duke of Wellington, but it shows no traces of their handiwork except their signatures.

Sir Thomas Maitland was the first Lord High Commissioner of the United States of the Ionian Islands. He had been Governor of Malta, and was known as 'King Tom,' from his arbitrary disposition. He was dirty and coarse, rude in manner and violent in temper. His personal habits were those of a soldier of seventy years ago ; no one more uncongenial to the Ionians could have been found. At the same time, he had undoubted ability. His energy was inexhaustible, and he was possessed, further, of an unusual knowledge of men, and a fine appreciation of their motives. He needed all his talents to solve the problem with which he found himself confronted.

His difficulties were greatly increased by the presence in Corfu of Count John Capodistrias, then on leave from St. Petersburg. This noble was born at Corfu in 1776. Like so many Corfiots of ability, he had studied medicine at Padua and Venice, and was made Secretary to the Septinsular Republic under the Russian rule in 1803. When the islands became French, in 1807, César Berthier offered him a post, but his sympathies were all with Russia, who supported the cause of Greek independence, and he betook himself to St. Petersburg, where, in 1809, he entered the Diplomatic Service. He rose rapidly, and as the representative of Russia he bore a leading part in the negotiations of 1814-15. In November, 1815, he was named joint Secretary of State with Count Nesselrode. He was a fervent devotee of the Greek Church, a zealous Russian partisan, and a tireless intriguer for the cause of Greek independence. Steadily closing his eyes to facts, and seeing only those glorious visions he wished to see, he gained a great following in Corfu, and

rapidly became an embarrassment to Maitland's Government.

The Lord High Commissioner's view was bounded by his charge, and the best way to govern it. What he saw was, in brief, bad roads, no markets, a starved trade, a parody of justice in the law courts, restrictive tolls, an empty exchequer, and virtual anarchy everywhere. All his energies were therefore concentrated on bringing about a better state of things. What he cared for was to secure the peace and material prosperity for which he was responsible. He cared not one jot for the 'great Greek idea,' 'the traditions of a noble past,' 'a free democracy rising in its might,' and such-like. At the same time, he was as little liable to shut his eyes to facts as any man; and it was very clear from the first that a large number of Ionians did care a great deal for these things, and were, in the meantime, comparatively indifferent to the state of their roads or the price of their oil. All this party gathered round Capodistrias, who, besides being the embodiment of their dreams, was the channel through which they

hoped roubles and decorations still more precious might reach the Ionian who was faithful to him. The idea that Russia would seriously countenance a secret opposition to the Government was probably illusory, but it led, none the less, to a dangerous attitude on the part of many public men of influence, and the formation of intrigues, of which Capodistrias was the centre.

The Russian attractions were certainly great; money and a glittering star would be cheaply earned by doing what was in itself very dear to the hearts of all true Corfiots—plotting, intriguing, speechifying, posing, and denouncing—particularly when earned in the cause of Greek independence, the cherished dream of all Ionians. Then, too, the religion of the Ionians, a bar to their progress in every other European State, was a recommendation in Russia.

But all these things were *in futuro*, while Maitland, on the other hand, was in possession—the disposer of good things—and was, moreover, an able, resolute, and extremely crafty man. He had power to bestow—a

share in the Government, which could never be attained by those who dwelt in the tents of Capodistrias. Then, by exercising the most rigid parsimony wherever it was possible, he contrived to pay public officers in large numbers and on a lavish scale. Finally, he brought about the institution of the Order of St. Michael and St. George for the decoration of Maltese and Ionians, and thus enlisted on his side all the forces of personal interest. Cupidity, vanity, thirst for power—there was not one impulse of human nature that was not better satisfied by being loyal than by being factious.

To take an example. The Russians had dignified the President of the Senate with the title of 'Prince' and an emolument of three hundred pounds a year. 'Prince' was out of the question for an English subject; but there was comparatively little objection to 'Highness,' a dignity which the President accordingly continued to enjoy under the English rule. A salary of fifteen hundred pounds a year made up for the difference.

Maitland had no small contempt for the

Ionian love for a title, but he paid little heed to the abstract unsuitability of having so many great people in so small a place, and scattered distinctions with a profusion born of their inexpensive nature and his profound conviction of their usefulness. Thus, the senators were 'Most Illustrious,' the members of the House of Representatives 'Most Noble,' and the Judges were 'Most Eminent.'

The Government consisted of the Lord High Commissioner, the Senate, and the House of Representatives. The Senate numbered four, one member for each of the larger islands, and one representing the other three, to be elected by each of them in turn. The senators were elected by the Legislative Assembly. The latter body numbered forty. When Maitland was entrusted with the duty of drawing up a Constitution, he saw clearly, after a most careful survey of the islands, that a truly representative Government was out of the question. He accordingly set about making such a Constitution as should give some power to the Ionians, but not enough to be harmful, and under which they

should enjoy the semblance of much more power than they really possessed. He appointed a Primary Council of ten members and a President, the latter being Baron Theotoky, the son of the man who had enjoyed the favour of the Russians, and had been President of the Senate under the Constitution they had granted to the islands. The Primary Council drew up the rules of elections, and regulated the franchise. They assigned eight members to Cephalonia, seven each to Corfu and Zante, four to Santa Maura, and one each to Ithaca, Paxo, and Cerigo. This made twenty-nine; they were themselves *ex-officio* members, and the total number thus reached forty. The franchise was narrow—Cephalonia, for example, with a population of sixty thousand, had an electorate numbering only four hundred. The candidates were elected from a list drawn up by the Primary Council. This was a feature of the Russian Constitution which Maitland preserved. The Russian method of conducting an election was not followed by Maitland. It was peculiar, and

consisted in locking the electors into a church, and keeping guard over them with fixed bayonets until they had chosen their representatives.

It will be seen that, under the forms of a Constitution, Maitland reserved to himself almost unlimited power. His instructions were to govern the islands under a Constitution, and recognizing that his instructions involved a contradiction, he made up his mind to govern, and did so with signal success, displaying great ingenuity in drafting a Constitution that scarcely hampered him at all.

The strongest evidence of his wisdom is the fate of his worst enemy, John Capodistrias, who was led by his enthusiasm and his Russian proclivities into a violent opposition to Maitland and his Government. He was afterwards elected the first President of Greece, and while holding that position, declared his conviction that the Greeks were utterly unfitted for constitutional government. In 1831 he was assassinated as a tyrant and an enemy of Greece.

Though the effect of Maitland's Constitution was to confine the franchise almost entirely to the nobles, he was incessantly at war with them as a class. He broke the entail of fiefs, and forbade usurious advances from landlords to tenants, and almost destroyed their influence in the State as a body. The roads and bridges that he and his great Lieutenant, Charles Napier, built, were the wonder of all travellers. He abolished the farm of Church lands, and, above all, he purified the administration of justice. Murder, from being a daily occurrence, providing at most a little gossip, sank to its proper position as an infamous crime, and became proportionately rare. After twenty years of anarchy the countryside was safe and quiet. Out of an annual income of one hundred and forty thousand pounds he left a surplus of one hundred and thirty thousand pounds. He carried out the spirit of his instructions, and made a civilized Government possible : it was for his successors to make it constitutional.

But it was not every man who could control a factious nobility, or grasp the truth through

the meshes of intrigue which surrounded all questions of Ionian administration. It was not the first-comer, trained in a decorous diplomacy, who could bend to his will the wayward spirits who intrigued and fretted under an orderly Government. Unhappily, on Maitland's death, the sceptre fell into the hands of one who valued the bauble more than the power of which it was the symbol.

Sir Frederick Adam, who had distinguished himself in the second rank, was now subjected to the severe test of a leading position in hazardous times. A soldier of great merit, but chiefly distinguished in civil life for his urbanity and tact, he was endowed with a fondness for display and some measure of personal vanity. He found the office of Lord High Commissioner one of great authority, but did not perceive the responsibilities that his power entailed, and by assuming which it had been created and could alone be maintained. The large number of troops at his command, and the lavish scale of payment in the public service, combined to dazzle him, and give him a totally wrong view of his

position. The 'Lord High,' as the English called him, was, if he did his duty, a hard-worked official with endless responsibilities and anxieties. Adam made him the happy ruler of a settled State, whose only duty to his subjects was to shine as brightly as possible. Not content with the palace in Corfu, he therefore built himself another house outside the town, and a residence in Zante. Twenty thousand pounds was expended on only one of these. He donned a gold-lace coat, drove in a resplendent coach, and was with difficulty dissuaded from starting a guard of lancers.

All this, it is but fair to say, was with the settled design of impressing the Ionians and smoothing the troubles of the Government. It is needless to say how entirely mistaken he was. Such proceedings might have impressed the half-barbarous folk in some backward province of Asia, but the Ionians thought them extravagant and out of place. Their net result was the disappearance of Maitland's balance and the appearance of a large debt, which was further increased by

the vote of two thousand pounds for a diamond star for Adam, which the Senate passed when the Lord High Commissioner retired in 1832.

By the end of Adam's term, there was no tradition of Maitland's work and views left. His successors were contented to assume that the Constitution was elective, which it was not, and that they governed through it, which was equally inaccurate. The best directed exertions in the world could bring no good result out of so false a position, but an acute state of things did not set in till 1849. Lord Seaton was then Lord High Commissioner. He had a most distinguished military record as Sir John Colborne, and had just been made a peer for his services in Canada.

Entering on his term of office with no marked Liberal leanings, in 1848 he suddenly resolved to extend the franchise. In Cephalonia the number of voters was increased from four hundred to over eight times that number. The same proportion was followed everywhere. Vote by ballot was established.

The Primary Council and the double list of electors were abolished, and the Ionians suddenly found themselves in the enjoyment of greater political privileges than Englishmen themselves. The result was what might have been foreseen. On the one side was a mass of new voters ignorant of everything connected with the Government ; on the other, as candidates, a number of men of education, with no occupation and scanty means.

During many years past the latter body had been growing in numbers ; for the demand for law and medicine in Corfu was necessarily limited, while the supply of lawyers and doctors was almost endless. At the same time, the members of the Legislative Assembly were comfortably salaried. All the clever young men who had spent the preceding ten years in idling and talking politics rushed, therefore, into the new and congenial profession of agitation. With no real training in the affairs of life, but fluent and dramatic by nature, and patriotic—as they understood the word—by profession, they gulled the electorate with perfect ease, and soon composed

a commanding majority of the Chamber. They persuaded their constituents, wholly ignorant as they were of the history of the Protectorate, that their ills came from the English, and by maintaining in the House a steady opposition to all schemes of internal improvement, they prevented any of those ills from being cured.

It is worth while to take a glimpse at this extraordinary assembly, which was called into existence by the policy of conciliation—conciliation of noisy idlers at the expense of the peaceable and hardworking. The Assembly numbered forty-two. It met in a hall with galleries which would hold about nine hundred, and were generally filled with the rabble of Corfu. These ragged spectators were actually allowed to take part in the proceedings of the Chamber, and cheered or groaned at every turn of the debate. The Assembly had so little notion of the forms of debating that it would discuss a motion before it was framed.

One of its motions was for the reduction of salaries—their own excepted. Another and very favourite one was for union with Greece.

For by Lord Seaton's time a new complication had arisen. At first the islanders—even if their natural restlessness would not permit them to be contented with England—had no Government in particular to turn to as an alternative from our rule. But after the establishment of the Greek monarchy a situation arose which a logical mind could not but confess weighed grievously against the policy of separation.

On the mainland was a Greek State—truly most disordered and bankrupt—but still a State, with a King, a Constitution, Ministers, and an army and navy. Close by were the islands, inhabited by the same race, speaking the same language as their brothers on the mainland, with slightly different traditions, but still with a glorious past in common, and yet ruled by a different Government. Two parties thus rapidly grew up—the Separatists and the Unionists. The Separatists were all for keeping the islands apart—the Unionists for joining Greece. The Unionists won in the end, as in similar cases they always must ; but the Union did not take place without

years of disgraceful and sometimes ludicrous strife.

The resolution for union with Greece was, therefore, made from time to time by the Chambers. It was in vain that one Lord High Commissioner after another pointed out that the resolution was *ultra vires*; it remained the staple product of Ionian Parliamentary intelligence.

The Lord High Commissioner was assailed in the House and out of it with every form of indignity. Even diplomatic language was forced to characterize some of the libels as 'gross and disgusting.' After the speech from the throne on March 20, 1850, and before proceeding to business, the House summoned a priest to purify it from the Lord High Commissioner's presence, and continued to perpetrate this piece of solemn impertinence until the Union with Greece in 1863.

Such was the Ionian Parliament, and the antics in which it indulged. This was the Assembly which presumed to lecture Great Britain on her foreign relations, and held up Greece as an example for her imitation. With

one hand it fostered lawlessness and outrage among an ignorant peasantry, and with the other would gladly have paralyzed the Administration that sought to restore order.

In 1853 died Sir Charles Napier. As Resident of Cephalonia he had filled the imagination and won the hearts of the Ionians. Twenty years after his retirement he wrote to an Ionian friend :

‘I always think of my second country, the—to me—dear island of Cephalonia! I have almost cried with vexation to hear of all that goes on there. My friend Lord Seaton has, I hear, been blamed by the English. I cannot think him wrong. I am sure he has too much ability to do ill ; but I know nothing of what has passed, and am no judge. I, however, hear that people have been harshly treated in Cephalonia, and I know there is no need of this ; for the people are good and noble. As to my own countrymen, I well know how ready they are to treat people with violence. Bad government always makes men of courage turbulent ; that is the fault of the Government, not of those who resist. At the same

time, there are in all countries men of an ambitious and mischievous nature, whom no Government can please. I did hear that some of these spirits are in Cephalonia. That they can resist the power of England is an idea so silly that I cannot have much opinion of those who fancy they can. . . . My own opinion is, I confess to you, that for your own interests you are better off under our protection than under that of Greece, ruled by Bavarians. But if you all wish to be under Greece, I think it would be better to give the islands to Greece—I mean better for England, but worse for you ; because some Cephalonian faction would gain power at Athens, and oppress all their personal enemies : you would all suffer. This is my opinion, and all men being liable to error, I may be wrong. Were I King of England, I would give you all to Greece at once, and in a few years you would come back to England of your own accord. We do much wrong, we do much injustice, we are very much to blame in many things, but, take us altogether, we govern you better than the Greek Govern-

ment would. . . . However, times may mend, and I am sure I wish you should have a good Lord High Commissioner, for no Englishman loves the Ionian Islands as I do. I keep Cutupi' (a small estate of his in Cephalonia) 'because I love Cephalonia; were I younger I would go and live among you as a private gentleman, but I am seventy, and the night fast closes upon me.'

This letter so well illustrates Napier's character that its transcription at some length may be pardoned. Unfortunately times did not mend. Even the most conciliatory officials were met with studied discourtesy. What wonder? It was the *métier* of every Ionian agitator to be rude and unreasonable; he was paid to remain so. Had he deviated into civility or wavered into a compromise, he would have been replaced at once. The fortune of any young aspirant was made as soon as by sedition and disorderly conduct he could succeed in getting himself arrested; thenceforth his career was assured. Such were the men whom the last Lord High Commissioners were continually urged by the Secretary of State to conciliate.

Mr. Gladstone was Lord High Commissioner from January 18, 1859, to February 1, 1859. He had previously been Special High Commissioner for some time while his predecessor, Sir John Young, was Lord High Commissioner. He was in favour of resigning the islands to Greece, and, in fact, matters had by then gone so far that there was no alternative from this but the resumption of the power which had been delegated to the electorate. All useful government had long since ceased, and had it not been for a fortunate provision in Maitland's Constitution, retained under Seaton's, by which the Senate could vote supply for the ordinary business of the country, the government must have come to a standstill.

The islands were evacuated and handed over to Greece on June 2, 1864. Few were so disconcerted as the men who had so long schemed for the Union. The Ionians who would in the future represent the island at Athens would not be numerous, and individually would be of much less importance than they had found themselves at Corfu. How-

ever, they put a good face on matters, and the change was welcomed with much show of enthusiasm.

In examining the history of our occupation, one is struck by the lack of discernment, almost amounting to dulness, with which our dispositions were made. In the first place, the Ionians did not require a Constitution at all. In the second place, having granted a Constitution, it was a pity to draft and sanction a sham one. If, it be answered, expediency was allowed to prevail in London, as it had done with Maitland at Corfu, some semblance of continuity should have been preserved, and the islands not allowed to become a party plaything, governed now by a man who believed them utterly unfit for self-government, and now by a man who was willing to go any length in constitutional experiments. Such a course was unfair both to the islands and ourselves. The lack of harmony and consistency was painfully apparent when Lord Seaton, in the speech opening his term of office, publicly censured one of his predecessors for his extravagance. He stultified himself by adding considerably

to the debt—the very fault for which he had censured Sir Howard Douglas. The confusion was brought to its height by Lord Seaton's reforms, which were far too sweeping. An example of the extremes between which our system of government oscillated may be found in Lord Seaton's wild proposal to make the Lord High Commissioner and the Senate responsible to the Legislative Chamber for its work while the latter was not in session—a proposal put forward at the same time that the senators were made the absolute nominees of the Lord High Commissioner, and while the latter retained the despotic power of banishing political offenders.

In looking back, it is impossible not to regret the loss of Corfu and Cephalonia, the beautiful islands, the magnificent fortress, the link in the great chain of our connections with the East. The British Empire, however, has strong forts and rich lands enough, and to spare, and can perhaps afford to miss the Ionian Islands from the long list of her possessions. What she cannot afford to miss are the political lessons taught by the history of our well-meant but unfortunate occupation.

CHAPTER XI.

FORECAST.

THE student of Imperial history must make his account with the anti-Imperial spirit.

This spirit has always been with us, and was even a disturbing feature in our policy long before the (comparatively recent) date at which England woke up to the discovery that she had an Empire that needed attention, and that was, possibly, worth preserving. The curious may trace early manifestations of this spirit in the intrigues that hampered our operations in Tangier, and may even discover the remote intellectual ancestors of the anti-Imperialists in the statesmen who grudged an army to protect Normandy, but poured out English blood like water in the Wars of the Roses. But remembering the name by

which we have learnt to call them, and considering that anti-Imperialists cannot exist until there is an Empire for them to injure, we need not study their record further back than one hundred years ago, when Edmund Burke, greatest of them all, started the first anti-Imperial crusade. This was the impeachment of Warren Hastings.

In describing this performance, we find ourselves face to face with the difficulty that besets our dealings with all anti-Imperial movements. It is impossible to describe them as they deserve because of our love and veneration for the blunderers who set them on foot. Even to write the word 'blunderer' and to apply it to Edmund Burke demands all the fortitude that the study of history will give. But history bears out the word, and justifies the application more and more strongly with the lapse of every decade.

In the impeachment of Warren Hastings, Burke was a colossal blunderer ; for Hastings was building up something like a civilized world out of a chaos to which the Parthian Empire in its decline must have been a well-

ordered State, and Burke was judging him by the principles of a society which had lived for five centuries and a half under the Great Charter.

If England had a greater son than Warren Hastings the Statesman, it was Arthur Wellesley the Soldier. His success was so complete, his glory so transcendent, that we have almost forgotten how bitterly he was opposed in his lifetime. And yet there was a party of powerful and deservedly influential men and women who steadily intrigued against him, and who consistently fawned upon (the word is hardly too strong) his great opponent, the Emperor Napoleon. Assuredly it was from no mean motives. The words Freedom and Right Government were always in their mouths, and they believed (honestly, no doubt) that the victory of Waterloo sounded the knell of European Liberty. Lady Holland swooned when she heard the dreadful news. We can read this now with a smile—perhaps with a smile of contempt. Nevertheless these people existed ; and while they had time, and the

Fates granted them opportunity, they worked their hardest to ruin Wellington. They were the intellectual heirs of the men who succeeded in ruining Warren Hastings.

James Mill, the historian of British India, whitewashed Surajah Dowlah: he justified the Black Hole of Calcutta, and plentifully abused the English who died in it. And this, not by way of an idle paradox, but as a sober view of history. Indeed, the dominant note of James Mill's character was sobriety; he would have thought exaggeration an offence, and a paradox little short of a crime. Impartiality was his idol. But a fanatic's god is always a grim creation; and in excusing the Black Hole James Mill lent his authority to a piece of pernicious wrong-headedness. That he wrought no mischief by the publication of his views was simply due to the spread of information on the subject.

James Mill left a son, John Stuart Mill, who was a greater man than his father. He was a philosopher, a man of profound learning, an experienced public official, and a

Member of Parliament. He was a man of high character, perfect disinterestedness, and perfect fearlessness ; and he conceived it to be his duty to persecute Governor Eyre with a rancour that even his contemporaries thought unbecoming. All this was done in the name of humanity ; and yet the verdict of history will surely be that Eyre was the true humanitarian. We may say the same of James Brooke, whose persecution a quarter of a century before was hardly less bitter.

These are some of the works of the spirit which we have learnt, in late years, to call anti-Imperial in consequence of the tendency of its later manifestations. We may notice some of these later on. But as regards the outbreaks of this temper down to John Stuart Mill's time, we can say that they wrought nothing worse than grievous personal injustice. Warren Hastings was ruined ; but his work, the second Hellenization of the East, remains. Holland House intrigued against Wellington ; but Napoleon fell in spite of Holland House. The life of James Brooke was embittered ; but the kingdom

of Sarawak remains, an oasis in a wilderness of savagery.

How are we to account for so much mis-directed activity on the part of such eminent public men?

The answer would appear to be that, with every other equipment for public action, they had not the necessary local information; and they would not give way to the, perhaps, less considerable men who happened to possess that information. They were in the position of Sir Elijah Impey, who, as he took his seat for the first time on the Bench of the High Court of Calcutta, said to his fellow-Judge sitting with him, 'Ah! brother, you and I shall do our duty but ill if each of these poor fellows' (referring to the bare-legged ushers of the Court) 'have not a good pair of worsted stockings apiece before the year is out.'

Sir Elijah meant well, but he had not appreciated the local conditions. He did not understand that to wear worsted stockings in Lower Bengal would be a sign, not that a man was well-to-do, but that he was

insane. And it is an interesting speculation whether, if James Mill and Edmund Burke had had an opportunity of visiting India, they would not have considerably modified their views of Surajah Dowlah or Warren Hastings.

It may be that they both meant well—like Sir Elijah Impey—but they had not the necessary local information, and they would not defer to those who had.

It would seem, therefore, that accurate and abundant local information is the first requisite of any man who would form a sound opinion on an Imperial question ; if he does not possess it from his own experience, he cannot possibly infer it ; and without it, however sound his general principles, and however pure and lofty his motives, he must inevitably blunder, and perhaps blunder disastrously.

If we now turn to the anti-Imperialists of our own time, we shall find that, in the first place, they are a more numerous body than their predecessors ; and, secondly, we shall find that they contain a small nucleus of

men actively and avowedly opposed to the existence of the British Empire.

The third and gravest feature of the modern anti-Imperial spirit is this, that it prefers to attack systems and questions rather than persons. Formerly, its attacks being directed against persons only, the consequences of these attacks were correspondingly circumscribed, and, in fact, reached no farther than the ruin of their victims in fortune and career.

This was serious enough ; but even more serious was the recent attempt to regulate the diet of our fellow-subjects in the East in accordance with ideas of wholesomeness formed at Westminster.

Of the series of events that led to the death of Gordon it is best not to say too much. The statues of the hero in Trafalgar Square and in Melbourne are silent witnesses of the extent to which the conscience of the Empire was shocked by the tragedy.

Of both of these two achievements we must say that they dealt heavy blows to the reputation of England for courage and just

dealing ; and that is a much graver matter than ruining one man, however deserving and eminent he may be.

A nation whose policy is liable to be periodically convulsed by spasms of self-depreciation, and a country where irresponsible parties continually surge into prominence, with no other object apparent to foreigners except their country's disadvantage, are naturally looked askance at by nations and countries that pursue, under more sober guidance, a consistent policy.

Of course, there is nothing that is, strictly speaking, new in all this. The external policy of England has never been quite free from this kind of embarrassment. All through the eighteenth century the Jacobites offered an opposition to the reigning dynasty of very much the same nature as that offered in our own time to the interests of the British Empire. There is much in common between the two parties. In both we find that the chief source of weight is the presence of a few Englishmen of commanding character, the strength of the movement being derived

from Scotch or Irish support. Both parties set principle above reason ; but while the Jacobites were compelled to seek their ends by intrigue, their successors achieve at least equal importance by the easier work of agitation. Both parties were endowed with a sincerity and fervour that usually prevented them from being ridiculous whatever else they were ; but the Jacobites laboured under this disadvantage, that the object of their devotion was mortal ; with the growing worthlessness of their chief their own respectability was tarnished, and when the family of Stuart died out their party necessarily disappeared.

The anti-Imperialists, on the other hand, profess always (and no doubt honestly) to act in the name of eternal principles—the principles of justice, mercy, and righteousness—and they sometimes speak as if they believed that those principles had been revealed to them alone. It is conceivable that our grandchildren will contemplate with a wondering curiosity the outcome of such exalted professions, but that will not help us

much. The problem of our own generation is how we may best deal with antagonists who are so powerfully equipped, with combatants who surge out of the darkness, hold their own long enough to deal their blow, and then dissolve into darkness again. With the exception of a small nucleus, the party has no confessed corporate existence, and there lies its strength; there also lies the chief weakness of those who wish well to the Empire: they cannot tell from which quarter the next blow may fall, nor how to guard against it.

This is where history comes to our aid. If we examine the record of the anti-Imperialists, we shall find, to begin with, that they have always belonged to one political party. That may be an accident, but it is worth noting.

And history does more than tell us where to look for anti-Imperialists. It furnishes us with a clue to the weak point of their case. For, as we have seen, from the days of Edmund Burke to the days of the Anti-opium Commission, the men who denounced

Englishmen and English measures were, one and all, destitute of special local information. This is an invaluable guide. It is true that men possessing local information are not always right, but on Imperial matters men who do not possess local information can never be anything but wrong, no matter how earnest or learned they may be. In fact, the more earnest and learned they are, the more serious mistakes they will make, and for this we have the warranty of history.

It would be too much to say that the existence of the anti-Imperial party is not to be deplored. But that it should exist is only what is to be expected. It is a feature of the English temper that it often opposes merely for the pleasure of opposing. But the party has other, and perhaps more dignified, sources of strength.

In the first place, it is most difficult to move an Englishman by any appeal to honour and glory. This may be a good thing from some points of view, but an insensibility to appeals on these grounds has to be noted.

What really does move an English audi-

ence is an appeal to its humanity. This is the very ground on which the Empire is generally attacked, and on which it ought most consistently and ardently to be upheld. 'The English are hated wherever they go,' one often hears men say, men who ought to know much better. It is a mischievous little commonplace, and it is manifestly erroneous: for if we were hated wherever we went, we should not go very far, and we do go far. Among those of our own race and creed, it depends on the individual Englishman what impression he brings home with him. But when we come to what are known as subject races the evidence in our favour is overwhelming. Not only do the English get on well with subject races: they are absolutely the only people that can get on with them at all. It is a case of England first, the rest nowhere. This is not so widely realized as it should be.

We do not get on by virtue of our polish and amiability; we get on in spite of an almost complete lack of both those qualities. To Orientals, who, one and all, set a high

value on externals, this must be sometimes rather distressing to observe. But since they are contented with rulers who, for the most part, pay no attention whatever to externals, we may be sure that there are good reasons for their deference.

It is too much the habit of certain observers to credit our fellow-subjects in the East with the mind of a fractious infant who needs to be told what to believe, and what to eat and drink, and when to marry. Men who hold these views will, naturally, not think much of the opinions of such poor creatures. But those to whom experience has taught the folly of such ideas, know that there are no better judges of character than our fellow-subjects in the East. Some are militant and some are quiescent ; but all, without exception, are keen observers, and take the measure of the Englishmen set over them with perfect accuracy. If they decide that the Englishman is, on the whole, to be trusted before the notables of their own land, that decision is a very valuable tribute, and cannot be too highly prized.

Those who seek (and most righteously seek) to enlist the lovers of humanity on the side of the Empire must often feel that the cause of 'the greatest secular agency for good now existing in the world' is embarrassed by the use of the expression 'inferior races.' It is a wounding expression, and not a little out of place. For, in truth, there is no question of superiority or inferiority, but only of difference. In the sum total of the virtues, it may even be admitted that the East is superior to the West. Only just at present it happens that the West has a higher sense of public duty and greater physical energy. It is by virtue of these qualities only that the West bears rule. Among the nations of the West, England has not, assuredly, the monopoly of these qualities. But we may say, without pharisaism, that she has a larger share of them than other nations. It is in virtue of that larger share that she retains the confidence that she inspires in her subjects, and it is to this confidence that the friends of the Empire can point whenever our rule is attacked on the ground of inhumanity.

The strength of the Imperial party will always lie in the large number of people who, without going very deeply into the matter, prefer order to chaos ; and the more widely information on the subject is spread, the more steadily may recruits be expected to come in, whether they are influenced by appeals to their sense of honour, or by the impulses of humanity, or merely by the natural, although perhaps not quite so exalted, consideration of material gain. Those who are not to be moved by any of these appeals constitute the kernel of the anti-Imperial party. They are the irreconcilables, the mischief-makers for mischief's sake, the Pucks of politics.

But do the Pucks of politics matter so much? Is the British Empire anything but an amiable craze, or—if you will—an un-amiable craze? Is it really anything of more actual importance than, say, the Decimal Coinage?

To answer this question, let us go back for a moment to Chatham. Chatham was a prophet, with the prophet's fervour and the prophet's mingled downrightness and mys-

teriousness. But he was a voice crying in the wilderness. He founded no school, and because he only dazzled, and did not convince, he was misunderstood ; and because he was misunderstood he failed. Where he succeeded most brilliantly he failed most disastrously. The crash was absolute.

Can we blame his contemporaries ? Honestly we cannot. Ordinary men cannot live on prophetic heights. To ordinary men, a policy—if it is to be handed on to their sons and grandsons, and become part of the traditions of their lives—must be pregnant with actual issues—a living policy fed from their own daily interests.

Such a policy Chatham's was not, and could not be. The very spirit on which he relied for support was against him in its cooler moments. The Englishman's love of his country, and pride in the 'right little, tight little island,' showed him at once that England was self-sufficient. We could feed ourselves and clothe ourselves, and there was room and to spare for all of us, and for many more than were likely to come in the

lifetime of any man then living. We did not need the colonies, and the colonies did not need us. So must have reasoned the business man in his quiet hours. The quiet business men were quite right in their day, and the twenty years' war which England waged against heavy odds was such a demonstration of the correctness of their views that these latter have prevailed with some of us even down to the present day.

If these views were still sound, the question of the consolidation of the British Empire might very properly be classed with the Decimal Coinage, and other interesting but unpractical ideals. But to the ordinary observer things appear to have changed a good deal since the wars with Napoleon. The 'right little, tight little island,' the backbone of the old scheme of existence for England, has disappeared, and this grave transformation must dictate much of the future policy of England. Some of us believe in a great Imperial future for our country, and some of our neighbours hold us to be dreamers for so believing. The

question will be settled one way or the other in the lifetime of most men now living ; but in the meantime the sceptics might do well to remember that every great fact has grown out of a great dream.*

* After the General Election of 1895, it may seem like 'slaying the slain' to devote so much attention to the anti-Imperial temper. But the General Election of 1895 is not a more popular or decisive event than the Battle of Waterloo, and only two years after 1815 the victors of Waterloo were hissed and hooted as they landed on the beach at Dover. So short is the popular memory ! The anti-Imperial temper is perfectly certain to break out again, and perhaps at no distant date : some of the most creditable features of our national character would have disappeared if it did not do so. No one wishes those features to disappear, but only that the zeal of those who profess to act in their name shall be according to knowledge.

THE END.

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